Retake of Preceding Frame

The California Catholic

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TWO GREAT ORATIONS

Archbishop Riordan and Henry E. Highton.

Young Men's Institute Day at the Fair.

An Imposing Procession, Followed by Two Notable Orations and Other Exercises.

The demonstration of Saturday last under the auspices of the Young Men's Institute, while marred in point of numbers somewhat by the railroad strike, was nevertheless a magnificent one. The absence of several thousand members, while it was to be regretted, did not prevent those who were fortunate enough to be present from making the demonstration a grand success. From the time the advance was sounded to the procession up to and including the ceremonies on the ground those who had charge of the arrangements were the recipients of much well deserved praise. There was nothing to mar the pleasure of the day. The parade was excellent, the exercises of the highest literary character, and as a demonstration of the force of Catholicity in this city, it could hardly be excelled.

After the procession had traversed the streets, and marched around the Exposition grounds, the literary exercises were held in Festival Hall. Frank Murasky introduced the newly elected Grand President, Frank J. Kierce, in a brief address. Mr. Kierce also briefly responded, and was in turn followed by Director-General de Young, who extended a formal welcome to the members of the Institute and their friends to the Exposition.

The entrance of Archbishop Riordan and his appearance upon the platform, were the signals for an ovation from the multitude. His Grace was in excellent voice, and his oration was frequently applauded. His Grace spoke in part as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, he said, I thank you for this warm greeting. I am glad to have the honor and privilege of addressing a body of young men such as you are. I am glad at any time to be called upon to speak a word of encouragement to those who are beginning the work of life. The future of the country lies with our young men. One day, as the founder of our religion was walking along the highway of Palestine, a young man came to Him, and the Scripture tells us that our Savior, looking at him, loved him. Something of the same feeling possesses my mind as I stand here in the presence of this body of young men; looking at them, I cannot help but love them. I love them for the youth they have, for the opportunies which are theirs, and for the youth which I feel that I myself am losing. an old English poet said, "Let me compose the songs of a nation, and I care not who frames its laws." Give me, I would say, the control of the young men of a country, and I care not who governs its destinies. The child is the father of the land; the child of today is the father of tomorrow; and, therefore, what we expect in the future must be done in the present with our youth. You young men have three relations—one to God, another to your country, and another to yourselves.

Now, there is an advantage in organization. The fable of the bundle of twigs has its significance in practical life. Trusts, syndicates and combinations are the order of the day, and hence we see the necessity for counter organizations to protect those who labor for and under the control of the trusts and syndicates. One of the prominent features of our times is the energy of the principle of association. This very day and this very moment we are standing in the presence of a trial of strength between two great associations. May the one that has justice on its side be the one to conquer.

Organizations are made today, he continued, for the accomplishment of almost any object on which men set their minds, whether that object be good or whether it be bad, and just at present the powers of evil have formed themselves into an organization which they call A. P. A. They did not get far enough down in the alphabet for the last letter. [Applause and laughter.] Certainly there is a place for societies for the promotion of learning, and hence it is that, all over this vast land, we have associations formed for one object and another great engines for good or for evil, according as they may be directed.

As I stood today in the room of the Director-General of this Exposition and watched your grand parade I could not repress the thought that you are banded together for two of the greatest objects to which a man can devote his life—for God and for your country. These objects in life open two phases of existence, one moral and spiritual, the other physical and temporal.

Your society is a good one for Catholic young men who acknowledge the guidance of the church in affairs which concern the soul. If some of your numbers fail to realize the highest ideal, it is good to know that they have made a great advance. They have been taught to know the truth and later will learn to love and practice it. You are pledged to carry your faith and its burden of duties into a world that I am sorry to say is ignoring God. If you fail to achieve great results, you are still living witnesses of the truth and of what is right.

Christianity has civilized the world. Infidelity may tear down, but it is powerless to build up. So your love of God inspires love of country. Fidelity to God strengthens fidelity to country and makes you loyal to its institutions. As you are good Catholics, so you are good citizens. Patriotism is the fundamental duty taught by your religion. Now out of the very sewers of the world comes a body of men who say that because we are Catholics we are not and cannot be considered loyal American citizens.

Applause mingled with hisses for the A. P. A. greeted this statement.

Continuing, the Archbishop said that the Catholic Church was most intimately connected with the history of America and bound up with the struggles and triumphs of the United States. He then briefly cited the deeds done by Catholics in the early days of America. The sympathetic audience punctured his allusion to famous men with applause, which became especially demonstrative when he said that the Catholic settlement of Maryland was the first and only one of the original colonies to declare in favor of religious and political liberty.

After referring to the services of Catholic France in behalf of the young United States, he said: "Our hearts as Americans go out in deep sympathy with this great nation in its present sorrow."

In conclusion, he admonished the young men to be always on the side of truth and virtue, not suffering the canker of materialism to eat into their souls, but to labor for purity, freedom and temperance.

"Never was the time more propitious than this," he said, in conclusion, "in the springtime of a nation's growth, to aid in building up the life of a new community. You, young men, are called on to do a great work. Your order is not a political society. It is not so secret that your doings may not be made known to all men. So live that you may lift up others to the high realm of duty to man, fidelity to God and to your native land. Youth is now yours. All of life you have in greatest abundance. Use it for God, use it for your fellow-men."

The Archbishop was greeted with round after round of applause on the conclusion of his address. Some music followed. Then President Kierce introduced Henry E. Highton, Orator of the Day, who spoke as follows:

Mr. Grand President, and Members of the Young Men's Institute:

Settled and firm in my convictions on material questions affecting this world and the next, I accept, with sincere humility the honor you have conferred upon me, and I desire, in that spirit of fraternity which permeates and vitalizes all that is valuable and durable in civilization, to appropriate the opportunity for usefulness which I owe to your generous invitation. You have not narrowed that invitation by any limitations or even suggestions, and I stand before you and in the presence of high and respected ecclesiastical authority to express to you unreservedly, heart to heart and mind to mind, the sentiments that may appear to me suitable to the occasion.

I meet you and those around you, who exult in your individual manhood and in your disciplined strength, with deep appreciation and sympathy, and though, from my years and from other causes, ineligible to membership in your organization, as I ... to forecast and realize its ... importance and influence, my sense of responsibility becomes almost oppressive.

I understand that the Pacific jurisdiction of this body includes about four thousand eight hundred men, who, with few exceptions, are between the ages of eighteen and forty, who, under the rigid exactions of your constitution, are physically and mentally sound, whose habits and whose conduct are necessarily clean and pure, nearly all of whom are citizens of the United States, and who acknowledge the Moral Law, worship God, and, from the cradle to the grave, confess the transcendent reality of the Cross.

In your fundamental law, I find the condensed statement of your immediate objects in the words: "Mutual aid and Benevolence and Moral Intellectual and Social Improvement." In one of the resolutions adopted by your seventh Grand Council, in which there is a patriotic recognition of Decoration Day, it is authoritatively announced that "The Young Men's Institute is distinctively an American organization." In many papers and addresses from writers and speakers within your own ranks, I have observed the expansion and the illustrations of these propositions in vestures of truth, of beauty, of eloquence. In the proceedings of your Grand Council during the present week, which have attracted public attention through the practical capacity and the systematic methods by which they have been marked, your retiring Grand President admonished his fellow members in such expressive language as must have appealed to your minds and your feelings. "Let us remember," he said, "that our membership should represent character, not merely members." * * "Let us stand for morality, for intelligence, for courage. Let us cultivate the spirit of fellowship—fellowship among worthy, honest, God-fearing, patriotic young men."

Yes—four thousand eight hundred young men, standing for God, for the Moral Law, for humanity and for their country, and attesting their sincerity by their personal characters, would be a power for righteousness in any land and in any age. But, in this continental Union, and emphatically in this part of that Union, and amidst the unique conditions that have been generated within the past few years, they are more than a power—they are a necessity. Not far from this spot, eleven years ago, in discussing the life and the influence of a murdered President I ventured to say in relation to our country: "We have passed the formative period of our national existence. We have endured the throes of civil war and ended the work of formal rehabilitation. The difficulties which now confront us are the undue accumulation of wealth on the one hand, and the natural increase of men on the other. The epoch is approaching when even our resources will be taxed to the utmost, and we will have to undergo the pressure of population and of concentrated capital, with their attendant conditions of want, luxury and corruption. There are those now living among us who will see the day when the industry of man will be of more consequence than even the lavish generosity of Nature; when the peaceful Knights of the modern Temple will have to govern the Saracens of the streets."

Look back through eleven years; trace the progressive development of contemporary history; realize, especially, the facts which have transpired all over the Union within the past few months, and during this very week, and which are accumulating as I speak, and then say whether the anticipations in my quotation have not been verified and whether the American people, and not only the American people but the entire civilized world, are not confronted by some of the hardest problems that have ever taxed the intellect, the courage and the virtue of men.

It is your place in the terrible controversies which are now raging upon this continent and in Europe, that, in my opinion, lifts the Young Men's Institute to a prominence and a significance which, perhaps, otherwise, it might not possess, and, while it deepens your responsibility, guarantees the most beneficial results to your example and your influence. If Pessimism were the prevailing thought in our minds, we might set aside the innumerable agencies which are strongly, and, in spite of adverse appearances, effectively working for good. and, looking to superficial, but most conspicuous, features of modern communities, and, observing on the one side the unprincipled aggressions of privilege and of wealth. and, on the other, the manifold evidences of discontent and lawlessnes, reach the conclusion that mankind is rushing towards moral suicide.

We are not, now and here, considering political issues or the practical operations of diplomacy and of statesmanship, and, therefore, going straight to the point, it may be broadly stated that all these disintegrating conditions are principally due to the loss of definiteness in the conception of God and of the Moral Law, for which, with all its conceded advancements and achievements, the *undue* projections, intrusions and assumptions of science—the oppositions of science, falsely so called—are partly responsible. Darwin, with his simple yet massive intellect, his minute observation, his rare faculty for classification; Huxley, with his greater breadth and more soaring originality and egotism, and with his wonderful capacity for argumentation and popular expression—Tyndal, vainly seeking to break away from the Rock of Truth and to explore the mystery of life itself—Spencer, aspiring to the analysis of all phenomena, and plodding through intricate paths to the region of the Unknowable—Carpenter, confessing the impassable line of demarcation between biology and psychology, and yet borne to his grave on the flood of evolution—Strauss, Renan, the Schools of German and French rationalists and sentimentalists—Professors in our own Universities, who have sought to reconcile Science and Religion by resurrecting Pantheism in a new form and by reducing the God we worship to a Divine Energy, resident in all the forces of creation—these, with their ambitious followers and disciples, are the Athenians of the Nineteenth century who have sought to turn the world upside down and whose delusive sophistries, many times elaborated and diluted on their way from the recesses of technical learning to ordinary human intelligence, have destroyed the simplicity of truth and right, and involved men in mazes in which they have lost the narrow path and have flattered themselves that they have escaped from God and Morality. These, too, are the men whose theories and whose hypotheses, without their own wish or consent, have nevertheless furnished the excuses, the pretexts, the reasons, for all that is demoralizing and Satanic in the agitations of the day, and who, if they could finally succeed, would revolutionize humanity, not by placing it on a higher level and in a more upright attitude, but by throwing it back to chaos.

I hope that I am not to be classed with the *reactionists* against genuine progress. Ultra conservatism is as repugnant to my nature as the wildest radicalism. I revere Science within its just sphere, and there is not one of its conceded triumphs that does not minister to my pride and excite my gratitude. But let it stop at the shore of the fathomless sea—let it admit the limitations upon its own processes and methods. Mankind is anchored to the Personality of God, and, loosened from that mooring, without a rudder, it drifts into the tossing waves and the polluted air of sensualism, of turbulence and of crime.

The Personal God and the Moral Law have been in all ages not merely facts but essentials. They are preeminently essentials for this generation and for the generations that are to follow, and nowhere more indispensable than in our own country. How any rational man could ever doubt the existence of the Personal God—the same yesterday, today and forever—passes my comprehension. He is revealed to us, not merely in His Inspired Word, but in all the phenomena of earth and sky and in the inmost recesses of the spirit. The manifestations of His creative power, of His directing providence, and of His mercy, are around us and within us in every form and in every conception of truth, beauty and utility. The stir of life in the new-born babe and the clear insight with which man deserts his body, alike attest His being. As He is perfect and changeless, so the Moral Law which he delivered to the Hebrews, in trust for the world, is changeless and perfect. And these unities are the leaven of civilization and of progress.

You may perceive that there is one great unity, binding together all who believe as you and I believe, to which I have not specifically adverted. Before the Cross our knees may jointly bend, and the law of love, which there found its highest expression and exemplification, is the cement of fraternity. But this theme is too great and too sacred for my lips. I am not presuming to trespass upon the province of men consecrated to the service of religion, but to use the privilege you have granted me by defining in some measure your relation and your duty to humanity at large, and especially to the population with which we are civilly incorporated. My hopes and my aspirations rise as I survey this scene, which is a rebuke to all bigotry and to all intolerance, while it represents the barriers which license must not surmount. We are on the soil which your Missionary Fathers dedicated to the uses of civilization and Christianity. On yonder hill, more than a century ago, Father Junipero Serra gazed upon the blue Pacific, as long before a Catholic navigator had looked from a peak in Darieu, and thanked God because he had borne the Cross to its western limit. Nearer still is the monument which the good Bishop of my own Church consecrated, to commemorate the first Christian services on the border of our State. Nearer still and all around us are the grouped products of industry, of intelligence, of education, of training, of art and of science, from every corner of the globe, massed together in a temporary home of exquisite loveliness, through the dauntless energy and incessant labors of the projectors and managers of our Midwinter Fair. As we grasp and absorb the thoughts and the feelings which the occasion and its environments excite, surely we can clasp our hands together in fraternal greeting andbe re-baptised, so to speak, into love and patriotism in the name of God and with determined obedience to His laws.

In the divisions of Christendom you must perceive the proofs of the failure of ancient institutions and of social and industrial classifications. Intellect and education develope, but they are accompanied by moral degeneracy. Caste and privilege retain their tenacity and their exclusiveness, but their virility diminishes. Plutocracy corrupts and gathers, but while the body improves the mind sinks and the soul is deadened. The masses gain prominences, whence they can discern the festering evils that have descended from ages of misrule, but they err in the choice of remedies, and aimless restlessness and dissatisfaction breed apathy or violence. Anarchy is blind and lawless destructiveness, propelled by revenge, which extends to all the ministers of government and of order. Assassination is the collective vote of groups of human beings who ignore God and hate man.

The world is apparently, not really, full of disorder and recklessness, and the heart sickens as we read of the bomb, the pistol or the knife, used as the instruments of discontented ignorance, and followed by the guillotine and the flow of human blood. Age nor sex nor innocence is spared, and, while murder derides the law and reddens the earth, armaments increase and the multitude sullenly waits.

These wide generalizations have never been more acutely analyzed or dealt with in a deeper spirit of Christian statesmanship than in the encyclical letter of Pope Leo XIII, who has accurately read the signs of the times and anticipated the future, as it will be fashioned by the Providence of God. Revolutions are in progress which no hand of man can arrest. Artificial systems cannot be patched and mended so as to bear up the weight of increasing population and growing intelligence and knowledge. God and the Moral Law alone can stay the raging waves of inhumanity, and, upon principles which are immutable and through laws which are inexorable, reconstruct or readjust the broken edifices of disrupted society, of inelastic policies and of inefficient administration.

In some of the paragraphs I have read, I have endeavored shortly and discursively to bring before you some of the direct consequences of Critical and Scientific Agnosticism both of which phases of modern learning have spread into thin skepticism to an untold extent. I have thus indicated, at least, the extreme limits to which your counter-acting influence may extend. But I must not forget, my dear young friends, what I have already mentioned, that we are fellow citizens of a great republic, where more directly and more definitely you can face and conquer the battalions of evil. Let me tersely review a few facts, which may lead up to the conclusions I aim to express.

The conversion of the thirteen colonies into free and independent States and the establishment of the American government, secured to the human race the virtual extirpation of bigotry and intolerance upon the American Continent, and wherever American institutions became predominant. The exploration and settlement of the continent were due less to the greed, rivalries and ambition of monarchs, than to aspirations for organized liberty, which were limited to no one form of religious belief. The labors and the discoveries of De Soto, of Marquette, of Hennipin, of Ponce de Leon, of Champlain, and of a host of other Catholics, fired by religious zeal and courting even martyrdom in order to extend the range of civilization, cleared the paths for settlement, for colonization, for social and political development. The intervening period between the close of the fifteenth century and the latter half of the eighteeuth century, was filled up by movements which, in the order of Providence, constituted in the aggregate a steady preparation for the Declaration of Independence. That instrument, though a rejoinder to a preamble, became a charter for humanity itself, and, followed by conduct as resolute as its sentiments, produced that triune system which stands among the nations like the planetary groups among the dead stars and the flaming comets. In these movements, Catholic and Protestant, Cavalier and Puritan, the Saxon, the Celt and the Norman, voluntarily or involuntarily participated, and the best strains of blood, the loftiest intellects, the purest morality, and the truest religious convictions, struggled through the centuries until they blended in the channels of the American Constitution.

That Constitution was not, as Mr. Gladstone once euphemistically observed, thrown off at a heat. It represented the deliberate conclusions of the choicest elements in the human race, and it collected and consolidated aspirations and principles which God had planted in the human breast and in the human mind, and which, though often drooping and unobserved, had survived all the catastrophes of history. The Government of the United States, restricted to those purposes which are to be wrought out on earth, wisely avoided the rocks of sectarianism and left creeds and theologies to their proper limits and authority. But, as I have elsewhere and repeatedly observed, while, in its ... sions or in its implications, it was not Gentile or Hebrew, Protestant or Catholic, it was not Athiestic, and it was not Pagan. There were two unities, common to all the diverse and sometimes hostile forces which had co-operated in the Declaration of Independence, and in the Federal and State Constitutions, that were its immovable corner-stones, and these were the Personal God and the Moral Law, conveyed to mankind through the Ten Commandments. These stones which some of the builders of nations had rejected, became the corner-stones of the Republic, and, when, if ever, they are dislodged, the whole fabric will totter and fall. Upon this foundation, from 1787 to 1894, in peace and in war, in all social and political struggles, in all alternations of prosperity and adversity, in all material and intellectual development, in all our growth and expansion, and even in the ominous controversies which are darkening the end of the nineteenth century, our institutions have securely rested, and, unless swung from this base, they are destined to unify and govern the civilized world.

But, in this vast Republic, as in the days of Solomon, as in the declining years of Rome, both republican and imperial, natural depravity, cut loose from restraints by false science, by sentimental philosophy, or by the higher criticism, and fostered by affluence and by luxury, has wrought its evil work, and the crisis of our history has been almost reached. From Abraham to Bishop Brooks, to Cardinal Gibbons, or to Bishop Simpson, the greatest men of all nations, strung like pearls or diamonds along the lapsed centuries, have proclaimed the Personality of God and the strength and the immutability of the Moral Law; but this chorus of the loftiest humanity, resounding through the vaults and corridors of time, falls upon millions of unheeding ears—this apparently irresistible appeal to the modesty of men, this marvelous combination of authority which, as evidence alone, would be conclusive, is disregarded and contemned. The trained cohorts of capital and of labor face each other with angry brows and with augumenting exasperation. The "armies" of the unemployed march upon the Capitol and demand paternal support. Politics are debauched until brains and decency are driven into seclusion. Young men—not of this or of kindred associations—declare that dishonesty is the rule, and they cannot be the exceptions. Corporations are selfish, treacherous, arrogant and controlling. Public station is too often valued only for illegitimate emoluments and opportunities. Legislatures and executive offices are tainted with bribery. The administration of the law is unequal, discriminating, weak and, in many instances, uujust. Poverty supplicates in despair, while wealth successfully demands. The people themselves elude their obligations and submit to automatic control. The tie of subordination that ought to unite the parent and the child is broken. The community of marriage is degraded into a temporary contract, inaugurated with carelessness and canceled without shame. The press sometimes sells its opinions and reports, invades the privacies and shatters the delicacies of life, and feeds a morbid appetite with putrid meat. Freedom, power, manhood, diversity of resources, education, multiplied comforts and luxuries, intellect, ingenuity, fraternity, have not availed to save this Republic, which was established under the Soverignty of God to secure equal rights and opportunities among men, from a desperate contest for perpetuated existence. The distressing problem to be encountered and solved is whether the nation has become so unwieldy, so unruly, so lost to its traditions, that it cannot govern itself—whether anarchy is to be the means of its disintegration—whether the victory of the Union was fraught with disaster to the human race.

My dear young friends, labor in your entrenchments with hope and with confidence. The picture I have roughly drawn is real, but not final. God and the Moral Law will triumph. They will be the solid bulwarks of perfected Americanism,

Continued on Second Page.

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SATURDAY - - JULY 7, 1894

Order of the Forty-Hours Devotion

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of July.

July 8—Eighth Sunday after Pentecost.
St. Joseph's, Berkeley.
Star of the Sea, San Francisco.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, July 14

8—SUN.—Eighth after Pentecost—St. Elizabeth (1636).
9—MON.—Our Lady of Prodigies—St. Veronica Giuliani.
10—TUES.—Seven Brothers, MM. (Sons of St. Felicitas, 150).
11—WED.—St. Pius I., P. M. (157).
12—THURS.—St. John Gualbert, Ab. F. (Vallambrosa, 1073).
13—FRI.—St. Anacletus, P. M.; Sts. Maura and Brigid, V. M. (450).
14—SAT.—St. Bonaventure, Bp. D. (O. S. F. 127).

THE present controversy between the railroads and their employes has passed beyond the ordinary point in which contentions between labor and capital are locally interesting. It has rather developed into a question out of which will have to be determined how far the United States government can go to redress corporate grievances. The origin of the strike—opposition to the reduction of wages of the employes of the Pullman car shops near Chicago, is being gradually lost sight of in the graver questions arising out of the changes of the conflict. It is a remarkable fact in this connection, at least in this State, that the men whose interests are suffering the most from the failure to run trains are mainly in favor of the strikers.

This indicates that the relations between the great railway corporations and the people are not of a too friendly nature. Corporate …which exacts the lowest rate of wages from its employes and compels the payment of the highest tariff for freight and passenger traffic has had much to do in causing this sympathy for the strikers. Mr. Pullman has in consequence been relegated to the background, business has been paralyzed and a general feeling of unrest developed. The introduction of the United States troops as assistants to the general manager in the running of trains, injunctions by United States courts, and the invoking of processes of law would lead persons to imagine that a rebellion is in progress. Instead of that, thousands of men, anxious to assist their brethren in earning wages sufficient for them to support their families, are endeavoring to force a thirty times millionaire to consent to an arbitration of these differences. Backed by other millionaires, he sits serenely back, apparently unconcerned by the havoc that is being wrought. A single word—arbitration—would settle the conflict at once. The indications point to a storm, but it is hoped that the good sense of the American people will avert any trouble. When the controversy is over, then the extraneous questions can be taken up and settled peacefully. But for the present, before human life has been taken, before human blood has been spilled, let us arbitrate.

IT IS to be regretted that more of the Catholic schools of the archdiocese did not make use of the opportunity presented by the Midwinter Fair for the purpose of calling public attention to the merits of these educational institutions. Out of the several scores of schools on the coast, St Mary's College and the affiliated schools conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools were alone represented. The display was in many respects a remarkable one, enbracing as it did work of every kind taught in school. It was not work prepared for exhibition purposes, but comprised papers in all branches prepared in the class room during regular school hours and for the purposes of the daily instruction. From the vastness of the display, it came in direct competition with the only competitor worthy of a name—the State University. But this latter exhibit, showy as it was, did not represent actual school work. It merely represented the work of the professors, a display of photographs made by world-renowned astronomers and collections of philosophical and other apparatus, hence a comparison was practically out of the question. The Brothers of the Christian Schools deserve the thanks of the entire Catholic population of the coast for the enterprise displayed in making the exhibit. It has served to attract additional attention to the work of these men, who devote their lives to the education of youth.

TO THE members of the Young Men's Institute all honor and glory is due for the magnificent demonstration afforded the people of San Francisco last Saturday. During the past six months there have been numerous parades in conjunction with special days at the Midwinter Fair. On each occasion the aid of extraneous features was called into play, to attract attention. But there was no need of any such adjuncts in last Saturday's demonstration. The personnel of the participants sufficed, and outside of a few minor features to relieve the tedium of the long line, there was nothing of a bizarre nature. With steady step and fixed determination of purpose, these young Catholic men made a showing in which every Catholic in the State can take a pardonable pride. The demonstration, despite the drawback of interrupted railway communication, was an unqualified success. With seven thousand men in line, and forty thousand people at the fair grounds, Catholic day will always shine as one of the red letter days of the exposition.

ON Monday next the majority of the Catholic schools of the archdiocese will open their doors and commence the work of another school year. In this diocese, through the energy of his Grace, Archbishop Riordan, there are no parishes, where the conditions are suitable, in which there is not a Catholic school. The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore has enjoined the duty of establishing these schools upon the Bishops and clergy. It is therefore incumbent upon parents to avail themselves of these advantages, and have their children instructed not alone in the ordinary branches of learning, but in those that will lead to their salvation. Instruction without religion is no education at all, for not to know God is to fail to understand the sublimity of knowledge and truth.

REVEREND MR. HENRY, the defender of the A. P. A., is quoted as saying that "Protestantism is Christianity in motion." Why in the name of goodness, therefore, don't Mr. Henry "get a move on?"

BETWEEN the railway strike and the uncertainty regarding the outcome of tariff legislation, the country is somewhat in the position of the man who had to choose between satan's embrace or a grave in the deep, dark blue sea.

THE oration of Hon. James V. Coleman, delivered on Independence Day in this city, does credit to his alma mater. It was not of the stereotyped spread-eagle form, but was filled with thoughts of purest patriotism.

The Catholic Times of Wellington, New Zealand, has ceased publication. Archbishop Redwood, who founded the paper, is stated by the Sydney Daily Telegraph to have lost £5000 by his journalistic experiment.

The President of the University of Notre Dame, Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C.S.C., is probably the youngest man in the United States occupying a similar position.

A Brahmin was received into Catholicity at Pisa lately.

TWO GREAT ORATIONS

Continued from First Page.

which means perfected individualism. Our difficulties will be overcome, our dangers averted, the Union of hearts and of hands completed. Patience, energy and virtue will achieve their crowning work. Kingdoms and Empires will fall, but the Great Republic will endure and spread. This western ocean will surpass all the commerce of the Atlantic. This western land will be thronged with population and the center of trade, finance, industry, art, science, philosophy and religion. I believe there are few who realize what Manifest Destiny is, but it exists, and the prophecy of Bishop Berkeley will be literally fulfilled.

However, I must not close with an optimistic dream. My eyes will fail before it is crystallized into fact. But upon you, young men, rests the burden, and to you and to your descendants will come the reward. I trust in you because you are strong. Years ago, when your organization was in its infancy, I read certain words, spoken by one who has been honored as its founder, and I wrote to him that every man who had his faith was to me a friend and a brother. Here, in the streaming light of this Exhibition which has irradiated our local provincialism, I repeat the declaration. Looking to the exigencies of the present and the necessities of the future, I open my heart to every man, and especially to every young man, to whom the Personal God and the Moral Law are not an abstraction or a fancy, but a truth.

Young Men of the Institute—while you are faithful to your God and to yourselves, from your ranks, no dishonest voter, no unclean politician, no corrupt judge, no voluptuary, no criminal, can ever come, and life, with all its trials and conflicts, will be safe in your keeping. I commend your sentiments, I commend your labors, I commend your integrity and your fearlessness, and I charge you to stand by your colors and to fulfill your duty and your obligations as men and as citizens.

AN AMERICAN FAVORED.

May Be Superior-General of Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

For the first time in the history of the Catholic Church in this country, an American nun is acting as Superior-General of a sisterhood whose members are laboring in all parts of the world. She is Mme. Jones, the Superior of the eastern province of the Order of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, for many years head of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, New York. She is now residing at the convent of her order at Kentwood, just outside of Albany. Mme. Jones was the first assistant of the late Superior-General of the order, Mme. Lehon, who died about a month ago in France. It is said that when an election for a Superior-General is held Mme. Jones will be chosen. If she is selected she will go to the mother-house of the order in Paris, which will be her headquarters. For the present the affairs of the order will be directed from this country.

The Order of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart is represented in many of the dioceses of this country, and it is known all over the world as being composed of admirable educators. It was founded in 1800 by the venerable Mother Barat, whose beatification is now under consideration at Rome. Fifty years ago the order was established in New York, in a convent in Houston street. The establishment was afterwards removed to Bleeker street and then to Manhattanville. Twenty-two years ago Mother Hardy, who was Superioress of the convent at Manhattanville, was appointed Assistant-General of the order, and she went to Paris to reside at the mother-house. Her successor at Manhattanville was Mother Jones.

Mme. Sarah Jones received the foundation of her education at a private day school, which a Protestant woman, Miss Setoff, formerly taught in the building on Houston street, where in 1840, Mother Hardy opened the first Sacred Heart Convent in New York. Another noteworthy circumstance is the fact that her sister, who is an Episcopalian, is at the head of a community of women who style themselves the Sisters of Mercy of the Episcopalian Church. The headquarters of the western province of the order are at Maryville, St. Louis, and that of the southern one at New Orleans.

San Francisco has one flourishing educational institution under charge of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. It is the Sacred Heart Academy at Ellis and Larkin streets. Twenty-three sisters comprise the community.

King Leopold of Belgium recently asked the Holy Father to allow the Trappist Fathers of Westmalle to go to the Congo to found a house. The Pope has consented and preparations are being made to settle the Fathers on a large estate to cultivate the soil and teach the natives agriculture.

OF MARGUERITES.

"A little, passionately—not at all?"
She casts the snowy petals on the air,
And what care we how many petals fall?

Nay, wherefore seek the seasons to forestall?
It is but playing, and she will not care,
"A little, passionately—not at all?"

She would not answer us if we should call
Across the years, her visions are too fair,
And what care we how many petals fall?

She knows us not, nor recks if she inthrall
With voice and eyes and fashion of her hair,
"A little, passionately—not at all?"

Knee deep she goes in meadow grasses tall,
Kissed by the daisies that her fingers tear,
And what care we how many petals fall?

We pass and go, but she shall not recall
What men we were, nor all she made us bear.
"A little, passionately—not at all?"
And what care we how many petals fall?

—Ernest Dowson

Not Ashamed of His Record.

"While waiting at a railroad station not many miles distant from Utica the other day for an east bound train," said a man, "a train passed going west. As the end of the train pulled out of the station a man with unusually long legs was seen running into one end of the depot and out of the other to the platform. He started after the moving train at a lively gait. He carried two grips, one in either hand, and they swung to and fro in a laughable manner. On he went, and on the train went. He gained on the train at first, but the train was all the time picking up, and he finally stopped. He walked back leisurely, the onlookers at the depot waiting till he came up to give him the laugh. As he approached them he dropped his grips, quietly put his hand in his pocket, pulled out a roll of bills, selected a $10 note and exclaimed:

"I'll bet $10 there is not a man in this whole crowd who can catch that train!'

"Of course there were no takers, nor did any one laugh at him for failing to catch the train himself either."—Utica Observer.

The Quince Blossom.

The beauty of the apple blossom has been sung by the yard and for ages, but the quince blossom has in some way failed to inspire the poets, though it is a lovely flower, at first a cone of five close wrapped pink petals that gradually unclose till there is a globe slightly opened at the top, showing the yellow antlers within. The petals keep one deep pink edge, the rest getting paler till the opposite side is almost white. Finally the flower opens into a flat, delicately tinted cup, with the pistils holding up the group of yellow antlers on mauve pink stems. The glossy green quince leaf, with its white satin underfinish, fits well with the flowers, and so does this cup that the glass blower in Murano made by rolling a white hot bulb of greenish glass over a sheet of gold leaf and blew and tossed and flattened on one end and cracked evenly off at the other till it stood shapely and gold flecked, ready for these faraway New England quince blossoms.—Newport News.

How Bridget Prepared Crabs.

Bridget, her Harlem mistress always said, was "willing," but she did not understand American cookery.

Her mistress sent home a half dozen live hard shell crabs one day and had left word that they were to be prepared for dinner. When the lady entered the kitchen on her return home, she found Bridget in tears and with her hands and arms tied up. Two empty green crab shells were on the table, three of the crabs were mutilated and dead, and the last one Bridget was preparing to attack.

"I've downed them all," exclaimed Bridget, "but that last devil in the corner, and he's a fighter."

"What are you doing to them?" gasped the mistress.

"Cleaning them, ma'am. There's two of them cleaned," pointing to the empty shells.—New York Herald.

The Statue Wept.

Last winter at one of the little hillside shrines near San Remo the Madonna was observed to be weeping. This was not seen by one, but by many, as great crowds collected and watched the slowly dripping tears. The people were puzzled, bewildered, frightened. And so they called together the wisest men to find out the cause. After several days of deliberation and examination, they announced the cause of the Madonna's tears. There was a hole in the top of her head. The rain had entered and filled the cavity, and in time worked its way through the eyes, the pupils of which presented the thinnest portion of marble to work through.—Rome Letter.

Old Leather.

The thrift and economy of French methods have found a use for old leather. This heretofore almost useless article is put into vats, boiled, and being subjected to hydraulic pressure yields a greasy liquid that, after treatment with sulphuric acid, is run off into barrels to cool. After passing through various purifying processes it is fit for the uses to which low grades of oil are put.—New York Ledger.

One of the most important, but one of the most difficult, things of a powerful mind is to be its own master. A pond may lie quiet in a plain, but a lake wants mountains to compass and hold it in.—Addison.

The works of Aristotle comprised more than 400 treatises on various subjects. The manuscripts which survive of his writings were accidentally discovered in an advanced stage of decay in an old chest.

There has been a notable decrease during the last three years in the amount of shipping passing through the Suez canal. Last year 3,341 vessels used the canal.

Russia has no colonies, in the proper sense of the word. All the additions to this gigantic empire have been by military conquest and annexation.

King Milan.

King Milan of Servia divorced his wife for the sake of the money of Mme. Cristics. He practically sold his kingdom to Vienna financiers for money. He abdicated his throne. He divested himself of his royal attributes, of his guardianship of his son, and even of his Servian citizenship, in return for large sums of money, and, finally, in consideration of several millions of rubles donated to him by the czar and a further lump sum from the Servian treasury he solemnly undertook never again to set foot on Servian territory unless his son were on his deathbed. As soon as he exhausted all his resources he effected a reconciliation with his wife, who, some months ago, came into a very large fortune from her aunt, Princess Morusi. His next step was to return to Belgrade on the pretext that he had been asked to do so by his son. Thereupon a decree was issued annulling his divorce from Queen Natalie, and now the young king has issued another ukase annulling, by the mere stroke of a pen, the decrees enacted during the period of his minority and of the regency affecting King Milan and Queen Natalie. By this means the law of banishment, the annullment of Milan's citizenship, the removal of his name from the army list, and, in fact, every one of the rights which he sold for cash is restored to him. He has become once more the virtual ruler of the country, and as general in chief—the rank which has been restored to him—he commands the army. Moreover, young King Alexander is about to undertake a foreign tour that will last several months, and during that time Milan is to resume the throne as regent. The general expectation is that he will resume it for good.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The New Thames Tunnel.

Hitherto the work of excavating and constructing the Blackwall tunnel has been carried on without the safeguard of compressed air, the adoption of which has from the outset been arranged for. The contractors, Messrs. Pearson & Son of Victoria street, are, however, of opinion that they have gone as far as it is safe or practicable to go with ordinary pumping in the tunnel itself, and that to attempt to go farther would be to incur great risk of a serious settlement. They have therefore brought their airlock into use and have just commenced work under pressure.

The men engaged in the operation of tunneling are practical miners, and the mere excavation is no very serious business to them. It is to be feared, however, that the necessity for this special condition of their labor will tell painfully upon some of them. They have before them about 1,200 feet of tunnel to construct actually under the river, and at the central portion of it they will have above them at high tide somewhere about 80 feet of water and only about seven feet of a loose and porous river bed. To keep out this head of water there must be an atmospheric pressure of about 35 pounds to the square inch over and above the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere. This is the theoretical necessity, at all events, though it is said that in practice something considerably under what theory seems to require is found sufficient in such work. It is, however, a pressure great enough to cause some men serious distress, and of course the undertaking is beset by peril for all engaged in it. It is a satisfaction to know that the county council has made special provision for the insurance of the lives of the workmen engaged here.—London News.

An "Imitation" Wedding.

A simple and touching sight might have been witnessed in a Paris church the other day during the celebration of a fashionable and largely attended wedding. In a corner of the edifice, observed by few, stood a youthful couple—a mulatto girl and her equally dusky sweetheart. The two appeared intently watching the ceremony going on in front of the altar and copied each movement made by the bride and bridegroom whom the priest was making man and wife. As they knelt down, so did the other couple kneel, and when the faultlessly attired bridegroom placed the ring on his blushing bride's finger the young mulatto did likewise, only his ring was of metal, and his bride was less fair. At length, when the procession emerged from the church, the humble couple followed, looking as if they thought they were quite as much married as their more fortunate brethren. It transpired that such was indeed their belief. The two lovers, who are "models" known to many artists here, had no money wherewith to pay the priest or the registrar's fees, so had thought a wedding at secondhand would be just as effectual and cost them nothing.—Paris Correspondent.

The Stay Abed Club.

Of the many curious and interesting features to be met with in New Orleans life there is none other more interesting than the Stay Abed club, an organization composed of bedridden people. The qualifications for membership are confirmed invalidism and the ability to communicate with other members of the club by letter. The idea and plan of this singularly pathetic organization originated with a lady who for 15 years has been a bedridden sufferer. She conceived the scheme of writing down each day her experiences, impressions and thoughts, and this essay or letter she exchanged with an invalid friend, receiving in return a similar epistle. Presently the circle of correspondents grew larger, and last winter there were 14 invalids enjoying the curious, beautiful benefits of the club. Each member writes his or her letter each day, and this communication is passed around in routine to the others, so each member has 13 letters every day, and thus new ideas are suggested, the monotony of the sickroom is relieved, and the invalid's thoughts are beguiled away from self.—Chicago Record.

WORD HISTORY.

Copper first appeared in history on the island of Cyprus.

Pragmatical formerly had the significance of businesslike.

Mammoth comes to us from one of the Siberian dialects.

Topaz took its name from Topazas, an island in the Red sea.

Jungle, punch and toddy are words from the Hindoostanee.

Cognac was first made at the French town of the same name.

Maps were first made on pieces of cloth like napkins. The Punic word for napkin is mappa.

Imp was once a title of honor. Spenser speaks of "ye titled imps that on Parnassus dwell."

Odalisque and about a dozen more are adopted into the English from the Turkish language.

Shrew was original the shrew mouse, an animal noted for her vigorous defense of her young.

Indigo is thus named from its being first exported from an Indian city of similar designation.

Tarantulas took their name from Taranto in Italy, where these venomous spiders are common.

Money owes its name to Moneta, a title of Juno, in whose temple Roman money was first coined

Meddle once meant simply to attend to. Early translations of the Bible give I Thessalonians iv, 11, as, "Meddle with your own business."

Currant is properly Corinth. The currants of commerce have nothing in common with those of our gardens. Corinths are small grapes, cured in Greece and exported from Corinth.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass.

Give me old books to read, old wood to burn and old friends to work with.

If you would have the nuptial union last, let virtue be the bond that ties it fast.

The essence of knowledge is, having it, to apply it; not having it, to confess your ignorance.

All wickedness tends to destroy individuality, and declining natures assimilate as they sink.

Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find that you are better off than you fancied.

The two most engaging powers of an author are to make new things familiar and familiar things new.

True independence is to be found where a person contracts his desires within the limits of his fortunes.

The first main thing a man has to do in this world is to turn his possibilities into powers or to get the use of himself.

Patient endurance of misfortune will alone half conquer it, while impatient murmuring does but increase the burden which we bear.

The smallest and most inconsiderable annoyances are the most piercing. As small letters weary the eye most, so also the smallest affairs disturb us most.

The "last word" is the most dangerous of infernal machines, and the husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they would for the possession of a lighted bombshell.—Montreal Star.

TURF TOPICS.

Jack, 2:12, has been shod all round with aluminium shoes.

Collingwood says, "Bottom beats speed in the long run."

A. D. Heal, prominent in horse circles at Bellevue, O., was recently elected to the mayoralty of that city.

Stafford, Kan., a burg of 900 souls, has formed a trotting and pacing association and built a half mile track.

An advertisement in a Lexington paper offers an extensive line of gold and silver "unredeemed" horse timers for sale at low prices.

There is a hackney mare in Alexander Morton's Gowanbank stud, near Glasgow, which last year produced a foal when 27 years of age.

Robert Bonner has been elected president of the Scotch-Irish Society of America, which held its sixth annual congress at Des Moines recently.

At Calcutta a betting man is not allowed to lay odds until he has planked $700 with the club, which holds the amount until satisfied that he has paid all claims.

Polo in Chicago is now assured. Twenty ponies have arrived from Indian Territory, which, with the others already in the city, will afford satisfactory selections.

Sir Claude de Crespigny, a noted English cross country rider, walked 44 miles the other day between breakfast and dinner time just to reduce his weight by two pounds.—Horseman.

RAILROAD TIES.

Good railroad ties are expected to last eight years.

The pay rolls of the Big Four show that there are employed on the system 643 station agents.

The average rate of dividend paid on railroad stock in the United States in 1892 was 2.11 per cent.

Italy loses $40,000,000 annually on the railways run by the state. That is as much as her army costs her.

The National Association of Railway Surgeons is going to publish a paper devoted to the growing interest of that branch of surgery and will call it The Railway Surgeon.

There has been a dispute among the members of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid association as to whether they were obliged to participate in the insurance department of the association. The grand lodge has decided that they must.

SELECTIONS

HAIRY MONSTER IN KENTUCKY.

Lives In a Cave, Looks Like a Man and Lives by Robbing Farmers.

Over in Washington county, near the line of Mercer, reigns a being which, man or beast, mystifies all the neighborhood. For months the housewives have missed their chickens, eggs, milk, meat from meathouses and half grown pigs and young lambs. At first all efforts and schemes to catch the guilty one proved of no avail. Joseph Ewalt arose one morning before day and went to the springhouse, a hundred yards distant from his dwelling. His wife and son, becoming alarmed at his continued absence, went in search of him and found him at the door of the springhouse in a faint. They restored him to consciousness, and he told them he had seen a man beast, and that he ran out of the springhouse as he opened the door; that he had great, long white hair hanging down from his head and face that was as coarse as a horse's mane. His legs were covered with hair, and the only article of clothing he wore was a piece of sheepskin over the lower portion of his body, reaching nearly to his knees. When it became noised around that Ewalt had seen a man beast, sober headed men began to set a plan to catch the monster. In the neighborhood, near the mouth of Deep creek, is a cave of considerable proportions, and the natural conclusion was that there would be the place to find their game.

Early Sunday morning Eph Boston and his sons, Tom and James, saw the object of their watch walking in a half gallop, half run for their barn. Notwithstanding the men were armed, they were badly frightened, and after they saw the object enter the barn all three were afraid to enter to try to capture the terrible looking creature. They kept hid and were not seen by the monster, standing in a half erect position nearly 6½ feet. His feet were like the paws of a bear or brute, with long claws. His hands also were like those of a feline more than a human. Before the men could come to some action or get over their fright the creature came out of the barn in the same half gallop-run gait and made for the creek. By this time the men started in safe pursuit. Tom Boston foolishly shot at it, and the creature half turned and glanced at them, increasing his gait, but never dropping the three large chickens he held in his claws. The Bostons managed to keep in sight of the creature for only a half mile or so, they vowing he ran swifter than a horse. Just as they got to the top of a hill about 500 yards off they were rewarded by seeing the brute man turn, with a wild, scared look, glance around and enter the cave.

The men went to the mouth of the cave, but would not enter. They saw feathers, bones, etc., scattered around the entrance. They returned home and reported what they had seen, and Tuesday they, with a half dozen other men, went to the cave and made a partial survey, proceeding in several hundred yards. They saw fresh indications of habitation by bones, feathers, pieces of calf and sheep skin being strewn around. The passages grew smaller and dwindled, and no one of the party would enter alone, though one, Joe Smith, went in 30 or 40 feet, when the most unearthly yell the men ever heard greeted them. They were good, stout men, but they cowed before that yell and beat a hasty retreat to the main passage of the cavern, but after consultation they agreed it would not do to kill or be killed, and they gave up their search for another time.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Renting Books.

The publishers of this city are beginning to hear of booksellers who buy expensive works, not to sell, but to rent out at 4 or 5 cents per day for the most expensive ones. They do not mean to imitate the English railway circulating system, but have stumbled upon this way of getting money back upon books they have bought, but have been unable to sell. The experiment is just beginning, but it is being tried in several places at once, and the dealers all seem to be making profits by it. In Atlanta for some time past a man on one of the main shopping streets has been turning a collection of secondhand books to good account by renting them for a cent a day. His books are of every description, but he finds that even paper covered novels rent readily and return an immense profit. Authors will not like this news, nor will they be pleased if the new custom gains ground, as it has abroad, for under the circulating library plan one volume serves a hundred possible buyers, and royalties shrink considerably.—New York Sun.

Sterilizing Milk.

In these days, when the talk about cows afflicted with tuberculosis is so prevalent, there is one good rule to adhere to—drink no milk that is not sterilized. A regular sterilizer costs but $3, and even that is not necessary. The process is simply the applying of boiling heat to milk for 20 minutes and may be effected by the use of a double boiler, a sheet of absorbent cotton being placed over the top under the lid to absorb the steam and prevent its dropping back into the milk. It is a simple process, and it means safety from the possibility of harm.—Boston Journal.

Manchester's Unsavory Ship Canal.

The plain truth is that this triumph of engineering skill is little better than an open sewer. The rivers, the waters of which have been incorporated in the canal, have from time immemorial served as the sewers of Manchester and the towns and villages along their banks, and in the construction of the canal this primitive state of things has been deliberately perpetuated.—London Truth.

UMMARY OF A WEEK

Carnot's Requiem Mass at the French Church.

...ation of St. Charles' School Building.

Reception and Profession at Sacred Heart Academy, Oakland—St. Francis' Entertainment.

All the principal events of the week will be found chronicled below. It is the intention of the editor of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC to make this news feature of the paper superior to any that has heretofore been attempted on this coast. With the restoration of communication with the interior, our readers will have a complete summary of all events happening not alone on this, but on the Eastern coast and in Europe.

Notre Dame des Victoires.

The solemn requiem mass celebrated on Sunday in memory of M. Sadi Carnot, the martyred president of the French Republic, drew an immense throng to the little French church on Bush street. The galleries were draped in black and white bunting, and in front of the organ loft the letter "C" shone resplendent in silver. The altar was draped also in black, the vestments of the priests being of the same sombre color. His Grace Archbishop Riordan presided at the ceremonies, and gave the final absolution.

In front of the altar a catafalque had been erected, surmounted by a heavily draped casket. Two lighted tapers burned on either side, and at each corner was placed the tricolor with the letter "C" in the center. To the right of the sanctuary were seated a delegation of officers of the Duguay-Trouin, in full dress uniform, with swords and chapeaux draped with crepe. In their rear were also seated the members of the committee having the demonstration of the afternoon in charge.

On the opposite side of the aisle the pews were occupied by a number of the foreign consuls, dressed in the insignia of their office. The representatives of the Chinese Empire, by reason of their showy dress, attracted great attention. Those present were: M. de Lalande, Consul of France; E. A. Pesoli, Chancellor of the French Consulate; Adolph Rosenthal, Consul-General of Germany; Valdimir A. Artsimovich, Consul-General of Russia; the Consul-General and the Vice-Consul of China; Wellesley Moore, Vice-Consul of Great Britain; Cesare Porna, Vice-Consul of Italy; Francis Corbel, Consul of Austria-Hungary; Dr. Pavlides, Consul of Greece; George E. P. Hall, Consul of Turkey, and the agent of Belgium.

The mass, which was commenced at 11:30 a.m., was celebrated by Rev. Henri Audiffred, S. M., with Rev. Father Varrizel as deacon, and Rev. Maurice Rousselon, S. M., as sub-deacon. Professor S. Martinez presided at the organ, and the music of Cherubini's "Requiem" was rendered by the choir. At the offertory Faure's "Pie Jesu" was sung by Miss Helen Hefron.

It was originally intended that there should be no sermon, owing to the lateness of the hour at which the mass was commenced. Archbishop Riordan, however, deemed the occasion a fitting one to pay a well deserved tribute to the French nation, and therefore delivered a short address in which he feelingly referred to the occasion of the demonstration. His Grace also referred to the great work France had done in carrying the cross to the Western continent, and the sorrow the American nation felt at the blow which had been struck.

At an early hour in the morning Father Audiffred celebrated mass on the cruiser. An altar had been erected on the after deck of the Duguay-Trouin, and over this an awning had been spread. The land side also had an awning, and in this improvised chapel the mass was celebrated. The interior was decorated with French flags, and the altar was decorated in a similar manner.

At the rear, instead of a tabernacle, a spiral stand of arms had been erected. On either side stood massive steel torpedo shells with smaller ones of brass to the front. For candles two lighted oil lamps were substituted. On each side of the deck were two highly polished though grim looking cannon. In front of the altar a low railing had been erected. Upon it and in the middle three miniature steel anchors supported a wreath of yellow immortelles, bearing the inscription in violet letters, "Republique Francaise. S. Carnot." At either side stood a stack of arms.

As the officiating priest, accompanied by Consul Lelande and two attaches of the Consulate, approached the cannon boomed, the officers of the cruiser, in full uniform veiled with crepe, took their seats. The marines in dark blue uniforms were drawn up in a hollow square facing the altar. The soldiers were at the rear of the marines. As Father Audiffred approached the altar, the order "present arms" was given, and the ripple of the waves could be heard as the priest intoned the mass. At different portions of the mass came commands from the officers to present or carry arms as the case might be.

At the Kyrie, Gospel, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei the marines brought their arms to a "carry." At the elevation the marines dropped on one knee. With the left hand they presented arms, and with the right they touched their caps in military salute, while the bugle sounded. At the other portions of the mass arms were at rest.

St. Charles Borromeo.

The dedication of the new parochial school attached to St. Charles' Church, took place on Sunday afternoon. His Grace Archbishop Riordan officiated, and was assisted by a number of the clergy, among whom were Rev. Fathers Cummings, Mulligan, Connolly, Casey, O'Mahony, Lally of Dixon, Lynch, McDonald and others. The services were attended by a large number of the parishioners.

On the conclusion of the dedicatory ceremonies, all repaired to the church, where his Grace delivered an appropriate sermon, upon the advantages and necessities of a Christian education.

The arrangements for the new school, which will open on Monday, are excellent. The Sisters of the Holy Cross, who are located in Woodland, will supply the teachers. This will introduce a new religious order into the diocese. The large hall immediately under the church has been divided into six large and commodious class rooms. The entrance is large and imposing. A large vestibule, on either side of which are offices, leads to a hall running the entire length of the building, with exits at either end into the boys and girls yards.

On the Shotwell-street side will be located the class rooms for boys, while the girls will be located on the Howard-street side of the building. A partition, forming cloak rooms, divides one section from the other. The latest style of school furniture will be used. The rooms on each side are separated by folding doors, which will permit the throwing of three rooms into one, for exhibition purposes. The building will be heated by hot water, insuring an even and equable temperature at all times. The yards are commodious, and during inclement weather the basement, which has a cement floor, can be utilized for recreation purposes.

Indications point to about 200 children being present on opening day. Provision has been made for nearly 300 pupils, and Father Cummings is hopeful this number will soon be reached.

Oakland.

The beautiful chapel of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Academy on Webster street, Oakland, was the scene of a beautiful and impressive ceremony on Tuesday morning. Six young ladies took the preliminary vows, and entered the novitiate of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. Nine ladies who have passed the probationary period received the black veil and made formal professions.

In honor of the occasion the chapel was decorated with a wealth of flowers of every conceivable hue. The accommodations were severely taxed when Rev. Father McSweeney commenced the celebration of the mass which preceded the ceremonies of taking the vows and the professions. His Grace Archbishop Riordan was present and presided at the ceremonies. Within the sanctuary were a number of the clergy, among whom were Rev. M. King of St. Mary's, Oakland; Rev. P. Scanlan of St. Josephs, this city; Rev. L. Serda and Rev. P. Heslin of Sacred Heart church, Temescal; Rev. J. A. Lally of St. Peter's, Dixon; Rev. T. Kirby of St. Francis de Sales, Oakland; Rev. Father Seraphine, O.S.F., of St. Elizabeth, Fruitvale, Rev. Father Phillips of Berkeley.

At the conclusion of the mass temporary vows were taken by six ladies who will be known in religion as Sister M. Domitilla, Sister M. Gertrude of the Sacred Heart, Sister M. Frances di Geronimo, Sister M. Margaret Alacoque, Sister M. Salsia and Sister M. Pius. The following nine sisters took their perpetual vows and donned the black habit of the order: Sister M. Hiltrude, Sister M. Josepha, Sister Margaret Mary, Sister M. Annunziata, Sister Agnes of Mary, Sister M. Bertrand, Sister M. Natalis and Sister M. Alban.

During the course of the services Archbishop Riordan delivered a beautiful and impressive address, in which he spoke of the beauties of a religious life, comparing the present state of feeling towards those who embrace this state of being with the feeling that actuated pagan times. "In those days," said his Grace, "brute courage and harshness were regarded as the great desideratum of all mankind. In these days the gentle virtues triumph, yet some regard a religious life as a sacrifice."

"In one sense it is, and in another it is not. In a religious life one can cut free from the shore of trouble, and sail on the peaceful sea of religion, and be benefited by it. They give themselves up to serve God and God only."

The Archbishop also dwelt on the duties of religious to the people and their charges telling them as teachers it was their duty to perfect themselves in every thing that would tend to increase their store of knowledge and impart it to their pupils. At the conclusion of the ceremony the Archbishop, visiting clergy and invited guests sat down to a sumptuous breakfast, prepared by the Sisters.

Sts. Pietro et Paulo.

The annual celebration of the feast of the patron saints of the Italian Church was celebrated last Sunday. In honor of the occasion, the altar was elegantly decorated, flowers being used in almost bewildering profusion. Solemn high mass was celebrated at 10:30 o'clock. Rev. R. De Carolis was the celebrant, Rev. Father de Romanis, deacon, and Rev. A. Petinelli, of St. Teresa's Church, subdeacon. The panegyric on the saints was pronounced by Father Romanis. Under the direction of Prof. A. Spadina, the organist, the music is always notable. On this occasion it was particularly grand, an augmented choir rendering the Kyrie, Gloria and Credo from Farmer's "Mass," Sanctus and Agnus Dei from Paola Giorza's "Third Mass." Spadina's "Veni Creator Spiritus" was sung by Mrs. Spadina. At the offertory Miss Emma Kreling sang F. Pelchim's "O Salutaris," and at the elevation Miss Margerite Coleman sang Bassini's "Ave Maria."

The choir was composed of the following vocalists: Sopranos, Miss Jeannette Coleman, Miss Emma Kreling, Miss Beatrice Gleason, Miss Nina Spadina, Miss Theresa Guinasso; altos, Mrs. M. Spadina, Miss Leo Wefelsburg, Miss Matilda Cassasa; tenors, H. Barkelew, C. Chamberlain, J. Harris.

Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe.

The celebrated Mexican band, which under the leadership of Captain Encaracion Payen, has attracted so much attention in this city, gave a concert at Metropolitan Temple on Thursday evening for the benefit of the Ladies' Society of Christain Charity connected with the Spanish Church. The attendance was large and the music was thoroughly enjoyed. A considerable sum was realized.

This society, which is composed of the most prominent ladies of the Spanish and Mexican colony of this city, was organized several years ago. Its object is to care for the destitute among their people, and the amount of charity dispensed and number of people relieved is quite large. The financial results of the concert will be a gratifying increase to their treasury.

St. Francis.

A grand literary and musical entertainment will be given under the joint auspices of the Young Ladies' Literary Club and Young Men's Society of St. Francis parish in their hall in the basement of the church, next Friday evening. The exercises will consist of a number of tableaux illustrating popular songs, humorous and grave recitations, vocal and instrumental music, etc. The admission fee is only 25 cents, and the fine program to be presented will undoubtedly attract a large attendance.

Since Father Conlan took charge of the parish he has succeeded in organizing two flourishing societies among his young parishioners. The Young Men's Society has a thoroughly equipped gymnasium, reading-room, etc. The young ladies are not behind their brothers in enterprise. The committee, composed of members from both societies, which has charge of the arrangements, is composed of the Misses Mogan, Manon, Driscoll, Waisan, Sullivan, Rector and the Misses Dunnivan, and Messrs. Will T. Ryan, J. J. Hillard and J. Hodge.

St. Patrick's.

The Young Men's Society of St. Patrick's parish held the semi-annual election of officers on Monday evening, with the following results: President, William T. Flynn; first Vice-President, M. Heavey; second Vice-President, J. Kirby; Recording Secretary, Eugene Lacey; Financial Secretary, Frank J. Sullivan; Marshal, J. Coffey. The society now numbers 175 members, and is constantly securing accessions.

The Children of Mary will receive Holy Communion at the 8 o'clock mass tomorrow. The monthly meeting will be held at St. Vincent's School in the afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The boys' sodality and League of the Cross will meet on Friday evening.

Alameda.

Rev. Father Sullivan has made arrangements for a lecture on the Holy Land and Palestine, to be delivered on Sunday evening in St. Joseph's Hall. One hundred and fifty views, fifteen feet square, will be projected on the screen by a powerful lantern. The lecture should be very entertaining, and will commence immediately after devotions. An admission fee of 25 cents will be charged adults, and children will be admitted for 10 cents. The proceeds, after paying expenses, will go to the building fund of the new church.

Here and There.

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, conferred minor orders on Joseph J. Conway and Thos. J. O'Connell of this city at the June ordinations of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. In addition to Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Curtis of Wilmington, Very Rev. A. Magnien, President of the Seminary; Rev. Dr. J. B. Hogan, of the Catholic University; Rev. J. J. Slatterly, of St. Joseph's Seminary, were present. Rev. Philip A. Cronan acted as master of ceremonies, assisted by Rev. J. Hennegen.

The meeting of the curates of the various parishes, held at St. Mary's Cathedral on Wednesday of last week, and referred to in last week's CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, was for the purpose of electing officers for the Priest's Relief Fund for the care of sick priests of the archdiocese.

THE BISHOP AND HIS BOY.

Incident in the Life of Right Rev. L. Scanlan of Salt Lake.

For many months Right Rev. L. Scanlan of Salt Lake City went fifty miles each Sunday to say mass for a handful of Catholics in Provo, Utah. He had built them a mission chapel, and, attended by the smallest altar-boy on record, he served them tenderly. Master Jemmy was an orphan from the Bishop's own beloved asylum, and grave and gorgeous in a long, trailing purple cassock, served the mass with dignity. He could carry his ceremony with all state as far as offering the paten and the wine, but when it came to lifting the missal from the Epistle to the Gospel side, the elegant six feet high and proportionately strong and majestic Bishop always had to come to his aid. Together they bore the moderately large volume from side to side.

At Vespers, when there was usually a sermon, the baby server would lay aside his dignity, curl himself up on a bench in his royal purple robe and sleep as sweetly as any mother's darling in a home crib. The beautiful simplicity of the Bishop and his boy were touching and cheering.

The baneful fruits of anti-Christian Government in Rome daily make themselves more and more felt. The parish priest of the Church of Santa Maria del Monti has been placed under arrest for having the Blessed Sacrament publicly carried to the sick in his parish. Several children who received Holy Communion during Holy Week at the government Aspizis di Termini (a children's home) spit the sacred species on the floor.

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BREVITIES

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mrs. Kate Myrick has been appointed river observer at Girard, La.

Patrick Walsh, the new senator from Georgia, is the busiest letter writer in that body.

Mrs. H. R. Temple is president of the First National bank of Lexington, Neb., and Miss Temple is vice president.

Miss Kate McAvoy is the first woman to be admitted to membership in the Brooklyn Catholic Historical society.

Governor Altgeld is said to be afflicted with a disease of the spine, and it is not expected that he will live his term out.

Greene Graves is the name of a new doctor who has located at Kensington, Kan., and advertises that he has just graduated from a medical college.

There are three great horseback riders in Washington. Hoke Smith represents the administration, Senator Lodge the senate and Cannon of Illinois the house.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu says that Circassian women who are capable of blushing invariably fetch a higher price in the seraglio of the sultan than the less susceptible of their sex.

Vice President Stevenson and his wife are making rather more out of the official and social duties and opportunities of the office which he holds than has been customary with vice presidents and their wives.

Lady Mildred Jessup, a younger daughter of Lord and Lady Strathmore, has just achieved a great success at Florence, where an opera entitled "Ethelinda," written by her, has been produced and has excited unusual enthusiasm.

It is expected that Dr. Edward Nettleship will receive 2,000 guineas ($10,000) for his operation on Mr. Gladstone's eye. Moreover, he is almost certain to become the fashionable physician of London, and it is not unlikely that he will be made a baronet.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

Grain, Etc.

WHEAT.—Good to No 1 California white, for export, $1 00 ₩ ctl; choice do, $1 00@1 05; milling grades, 97½c@$1 05.

BARLEY—Feed, 90@92½c ₩ ctl; brewing, 97½@$1 02½.

OATS—Off grades of feed, $1 00@1 10 ₩ ctl; good to choice, $1 15@1 25; fancy, $1 22½@1 27½; Surprise, $1 35@1 40; milling, $1 20@1 30; black, $1 00@1 12½; red, $1 15@1 25; gray, $1 12½@1 20.

CORN—Large yellow, $1 20@1 22 ₩ ctl; small do, $1 32½@1 35; white, $1 32½@1 37½.

BEANS—Pea, $2 55@2 65 ₩ ctl; pink, $1 75@1 90; Bayo, $2 40@2 60; small white, $2 45@2 60; large do, $2 45@2 55; butter, $1 95@2 10 for small; large do, $2 10@2 20; red, $1 95@2 20; Lima, $3 00@3 25.

SEEDS—Rape, 1¾@2½c ₩ lb; hemp, 3¾@4c; canary, 4¼c for imported; do California, nominal; flaxseed, 2@2¼c; alfalfa, 9c for Utah; mustard, 3¼@3½c for yellow; brown do, 3@3¼c.

HAY—Wild oat, $12 00@12 50 ₩ ton; wheat and oat, $12 00@15 50; barley, $11 00@14 00; wheat, $13 50@16 50; clover, $9 00@11 50; alfalfa, $9 00@11 50; compressed hay, $11 00@14 00.

STRAW—From 75@85c ₩ bale.

HOPS—Quotable from 12@14c ₩ lb.

BUCKWHEAT—$1 20@1 25 ₩ ctl.

RYE—From $1 05@1 07½ ₩ ctl.

DRIED PEAS—Nominally as follows: Green, $1 40@1 60 ₩ ctl; Niles, $1 50@1 70; blackeye, $1 60@1 70.

Mill Products.

BRAN—From $16 00@16 50 ₩ ton for California.

MIDDLINGS—From $19 00@20 00 ₩ ton, as to quality.

GROUND BARLEY—From $21 00@21 50 ₩ ton.

ROLLED BARLEY—From $21 00@21 50 ₩ ton.

FEED CORNMEAL—From $27 00@28 00 ₩ ton.

CRACKED CORN—At $27 50@28 50 ₩ ton.

CHOPPED FEED—From $20 50@21 50 ₩ ton.

OILCAKE MEAL—Quotable at $35 00@37 50 ₩ ton.

FLOUR—Family extras, $3 40@3 50 ₩ bbl; bakers' extra, $3 30@3 40; shipping superfine, $2 55@2 75.

Vegetables.

Onions—From 30@35c ₩ otl for ree; yellow, 50@60c.

Potatoes—New—35@50c ₩ ctl in scks for Early Rose and 60@70c for Peerless; bxs, 50@75c is a general range aud highea fo8 fancy. Old crop 30@60c as to kind and quality.

Various—Green Peas, 50c@$1 23 ₩ sk and 1@2¼c ₩ lb by weight; string beans 1½@2½c; wax do, 1@2c; rhubarb, 30@40c ₩ box; green peppers 10@15c ₩ lb; asparagus, 25@50c for poor and 75c@$1 75 for better qualities; cucumbers, 65@75c ₩ bx; summer squash, 35@40c for Vacaville; do bay, $1 00@1 10; tomatoes, $1 00@1 50; green corn, 12½@20c ₩ doz.

Fruits and Nuts.

Strawberries, $4 00@7 00 ₩ chest for Sharpless; Longworth, $8 00@14 00; blackberries, $4 00@7 00; raspberrise, 65@85c ₩ crate and $6 00@9 00 for chests; gooseberries, 1@2c ₩ lb for common; do English, 3@3½c.

Cherries—From 12½@25c ₩ box for common white and 15@30c for black, some extra a little higher; Royal Ann 20@40c ₩ bx.

Apples, 15@35c ₩ basket; do box, 75c@$1 25 for large; currants, $1 50@4 00 ₩ ceest; apricots, 20@45c ₩ bx; do baskets, 25@35c; plums, 20@75c; pears, 15@35c; do bxs, 25@50c; peache 25@40c for bskts, and 25@40c ₩ bx.

ORANGES—California navels, $1 25@2 00 ₩ box; Seedlings, $1 00@1 50; Tangerines, 40@60c; Mandarin, 60@75c.

Lemons—California, common to good, 60c@$1 00 ₩ box; choice, $1 50@2 00; fancy, Santa Barbara, $2 50@3 00; Santa Paula, $2 50@3 00; Sicily, nominal; limes, California, $2 50@3 00 large and $1 00@1 50 small boxes; do Mexican, $6 00@6 50.

DRIED FRUITS—New crop: Bleached apricots, Royal, 10¼@11½c ₩ lb and 6@7c for sun-dried; bleached Moorpark do, 11½@12½c; apples, 5@5½c for qrs and 5@5½c for sliced; do evaporated, 8½@9c; peaches, bleached, 7@7½c; do sun-dried, 5@6c; pears, 4¾@5c for bleached halves; pitted plums, 4@6c and 2@3c for unpitted; nectarines, 6@7c for white and 5@7c for red; figs, presesd, 4@5c; do unpressed, 2@2½c; do sks, 2@3c; prunes, 4¾@5c for the four sizes; dates, Fard, 9½@10c; do Persian, 5½@7c; figs, Smyrna, 10@13c.

Butter, Cheese and Honey.

BUTTER—Creamery, 16@17c ₩ lb; fancy dairy, 15@16c; good to choice, 13@14c; pickled roll, 17@19c; firkin, 12@14c; creamery in tubs, 16@17c.

CHEESE—California, 8@10c ₩ lb; fancy mild, new, 10@12; Young America, 10@11c; New York cream, new, 14½@15½c; Western, twins, 11@13c.

HONEY—New: Comb, clear white, 9@11c ₩ lb; water-white extracted, 5@5½c; light ambe do, 4¾@5c; dark amber do, 3½@3¾c.

BEESWAX—From 24@26c ₩ lb.

Poultry and Eggs.

Hens, $4 00 to $5 00 per doz; broilers, $3 00 to $4 00 for small and $4 00 to $4 50 for large; roosters, $6 00@7 00 for young and $3 00@4 00 for old; geese, pair, $1 25@2 00; ducks, $4 50@6 00 ₩ doz; live turkeys, 10@13c ₩ lb for hens and 12@13c for gobblers; pigeons, old, $1 50@2 00 ₩ doz; do young, $1 50@2 50.

EGGS—California, store, 13c to 14c ₩ doz; ranch, 15@17c.

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THEIR LABORS ENDED.

Seventh Grand Council of the Young Ladies' Institute.

Archbishop Riordan on the Influence of Home.

But Few Changes Made in the Laws—Entertainments and Social Features of the Week.

The seventh Grand Institute of the Young Ladies' Institute, which will complete its labors today, has been in session during the week at Young Men's Institute Hall. At one time it was feared that it would be necessary to postpone it on account of delayed trains, but a sufficient number of delegates were found to be present.

The custom of the Institute requires all the delegates and grand officers to attend mass and receive Holy Communion on the morning of the day on which the Grand Institute opens. Therefore, on Monday morning a large number repaired to St. Mary's Cathedral, where at 8 o'clock Very Rev. J. Prendergast, V. G., celebrated the mass. Many of the members of the local councils were present in addition to the grand officers and delegates.

At 10 o'clock the Grand Institute was called to order by Miss Ella M. Comyns, the Grand President, Miss Josie T. Molloy being in her accustomed position as Grand Secretary. About seventy-five delegates were present, the remainder being somewhere along the line of the railroad. The morning session was devoted to the reading of the reports of the grand officers, all of which showed the order to be in a flourishing condition.

The Grand President in her report referred in a general way to the growth and success of the order, and announced the establishment of institutes at Vancouver, B. C., Butte, Mont., and Memphis, Tenn.

Reports were also made from the different standing committees outlining their work for the year. During the year $6000 had been paid out in sick benefits, but only one death assessment of 50c per capita had been levied in that time. There is $800 in the death benefit fund of the Grand Institute and $8000 credited to that fund in the combined treasuries of the councils.

The Board of Relief, which is composed of the Past Grand Presidents, accomplished much good during the year, visiting the sick in their sufferings and aiding the poor and unfortunate.

The report of the Grand Treasurer, Mrs. N. T. Fleming, showed the receipts for the year of about $9000, which were nearly counterbalanced by the expenditures. There is, however, a surplus of $6000 in the treasury.

The report of Grand Secretary Molloy showed a slight increase of membership during the year. It reviewed the work of the year, and showed the Order to be in a flourishing condition.

The Board of Grand Directors showed that $1000 had been raised for the headquarters fund, and within the coming year it is hoped to obtain a sum sufficient to establish suitable and permanent headquarters.

Many amendments to the constitution and by-laws were discussed and acted upon. The death benefit feature of $150 was not altered.

On Tuesday evening the grand entertainment took place at Metropolitan Temple, the principal feature of which was an address by Archbishop Riordan. The other features of the program were an orchestral selection by Messrs. Schoenburg, Oeslerenechaor, Means, Boquet and Stratford; trio, violin, cornet and piano, by Miss Beckhausen, Miss Noble and Miss Barnett; vocal quartet by Miss Barnett, Miss McCl[illegible]sky, Mr. Coffin and Mr. Parent; recitation by Miss Canty, Dr. McCarthy and E. Manning; solo, Mrs. Tully; duet, cornet and trombone, the Misses Noble; solo, Miss Barnett; and violin obligato by Miss Kate Gorman; cornet solo, Mr. Coggin; selections, Professor and G. Cipolloni.

The address of the Archbishop was particularly interesting to his auditors, and treated of the specific duties and privileges of women.

"When I was asked a few years ago for my sanction to the organization of a society of young girls," said his Grace, "I was slow in coming to a decision. We are sometimes careful in committing great works to young people. So I took counsel of my fears. But when I saw this society moving onward, its members going about in a large city bringing their grace and tenderness into the homes of the unfortunate, my fears vanished, and to repay for my tardiness I at once pronounced my solemn and emphatic approbation.

"Men have taken to themselves all the glory of carrying on great societies in our country. But women have proved that in certain lines of duty and industry they not only equal but surpass men in the practicability of their methods. At Chicago last year I was amazed at the wonderful work carried on by the Women's Auxiliary to the World's Fair, and I gazed with wonder at the building erected by the Women's Temperance Society, embodying in brick and stone their conception of the great cause of temperance.

"We hear a great deal of higher education, equal rights and the privileges of men and women. The Christian law marks out distinctly their different spheres. God made the male. God made the female. Each has his or her own sphere. Man has his work in life; work that woman cannot do. Therefore, each having their separate and distinct duties, there should never be a clash. Man's work is on the exterior. He is the provider; he is the builder; he goes forth to defend the home and the country. Woman's sphere is her home, which she makes bright, happy and spiritual. Thus both are permitted to labor in lines which God has mapped out.

"We hear much of woman suffrage, but no woman living under Christian laws should give it up for any other. Her work is eminently the work of charity and kindness; in her the embodiment of the Christian law reigns supreme, and man cannot approach her. What we have of Christian conception comes to us through woman, and looking over the world as it is today we must admit that woman is the most spiritual as well as the most intellectual.

"The great commercial, the great money-making affairs of life, it is true, are conducted by men, but the character which enables them to carry out these enterprises comes to them through woman. Therefore we hear it said that the 'hand that rocks the cradle' controls the world. A Grecian philosopher once said: 'I govern Greece, but my wife governs me.' And happy would it be for them if some men would allow their wives to govern them.

"Woman's mission is to mold and build up character in the home, and from the home to throw over the whole world the influence of its grace and beauty and Christian religion. In our schools children are taught by women. They are our best teachers. It is an established truth that boys are better molded by women teachers. When roughness and coarseness break out in a boy it is the gentle hand of woman that controls and saves him from a condition bordering on savagery. The lower nature in man is always near the surface, and at times breaks out like a lightaing flash. Therefore, if we are to have men, gentlemen—mark the word—they must get the influence of gentility from those who have it in the pre-eminence.

"The noblest sanctities of life are preserved and guarded by women. For these reasons and because of the good work the Young Ladies' Institute has done in the past, and is doing today, I cheerfully grant it my sanction and blessing.

"In our large cities the conditions of our commercial life are such as require the employment of young women. They leave their happy homes in the country, filled with the hope of finding employment in the city to maintain themselves and those depending upon them. I need not tell you how they are exposed to manifold dangers, and it would be a noble work for the Institute to take upon itself as part of its duty to provide homes for these young women, where, under the influence of music and song, they might recreate themselves in virtue. This work I have had in mind for years.

"In the market place at New Orleans may be seen the statue of a woman who, for a quarter of a century, devoted her life to charity. She belonged to no order, and could neither write nor read. Yet she opened a little bake shop and gave the profits from the bread. She baked and sold to the children of the street. She won all hearts; her trade increased. Out of her little bake shop a great concern has grown, and when she died all New Orleans mourned her loss, and erected a statue to perpetuate her virtues and her name."

The Archbishop closed with an eloquent appeal to the members of the Institute to emulate the example he had given.

Thursday's session was devoted mainly to the consideration of amendments to the constitution.

Yesterday the election of grand officers was held, but at an hour too late for mention in this issue of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC. A reception at National Guard Hall, on Ellis street last night, brought the exercises to a close.

Catholic Knights of America.

The uniform rank of the Catholic Knights of America, known as Oakland Commandery, will commence drilling after August 1st in the large hall of St. Francis de Sales parish. The commandery is composed of members of branches numbers 297, 485, 504 and 702—the four located in Oakland. Captain D. Crowley, the drill-master, is an able tactician, having been an officer in the National Guard for a number of years. Under his able tutelage the commandery is likely to make considerable advance in military evolutions, and will make an imposing feature in future parades.

The uniform selected will consist of a dark frock coat, with light-colored facings and braid, belt and dress sword. The chapeau will be trimmed with a handsome plume, and bear the cross and other insignia of the order in front.

THE HOLY COAT.

Something About the Sacred Relic Being Exhibited at Argenteuil.

The holy coat now being exhibited at Argenteuil, a small town to the northwest of Paris famous for its asparagus beds and fig trees, is the veritable seamless garment or tunic (sadin) which the Saviour wore at the crucifixion. The story related concerning it is briefly as follows: It was purchased by the disciples after the crucifixion and concealed in a church in Galatia. At the time of the Persian invasion of Asia Minor it was preserved from destruction by one Simeon and by him handed over at Jaffa to St. Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine. Finally it was given by the Empress Irene to Charlemagne, who presented it about 800 A. D. to the Convent of Argenteuil, of which one of his daughters was abbess.

The actual condition of the famous relic is very imperfect. The whole of the left sleeve is missing, and a large piece is taken out of the same side. The tunic is about five feet long by three and a half broad. It is hand woven and made of camel's hair, very similar to the dalmatias now worn by officiating priests. As seen in the casket in which it reposes it appears to be almost black, but when looked at in the light it has a red tint like that of a dried rose. The shrine within which it is kept is carried in procession through the church every afternoon from Ascension Day to Whit Monday, the congregation being afterward admitted to view it in the vestry, but an exhibition of the tunic in its entirely is a very rare event. The garment is placed under seal by the Bishop of Versailles, in whose diocese Argenteuil is, and he alone has authority, with the sanction of the Pope, to open the casket. The last time that this was done was nearly forty years ago, when Pope Pius IX desired to have a small fragment of the tunic, two other small pieces being cut out of it at the same time.

Argenteuil is not the only town which boasts of possessing a garment worn by the Redeemer. A score of other places claim to be favored in the same way. Of these rival coats the most famous is that of Treves, which is also said to have come into the hands of the Empress Helena during her travels in Palestine and to have been given by her in the early part of the fourth century to the Church at Treves. The rivalry between the champions of the two relics was settled for a time by an authoritative declaration that three garments were probably worn on this solemn occasion—a tunic near the skin, a robe and a cloak—and that Argenteuil was quite within its right in exhibiting one of them.

In 1891, however, on the occasion of the exhibition of the Treves coat the controversy broke out with renewed vigor. The Bishop of Versailles then sent representatives to Treves for the purpose of comparing the two treasures, and after comparison it was decided that both relics were genuine, but belonged to different years of Christ's existence. Treves possesses one of the outer garments (the simba or chetoneth) worn by our Lord, but Argenteuil has the tunic which was worn next the body at the crucifixion and for which the Roman soldiers cast lots.

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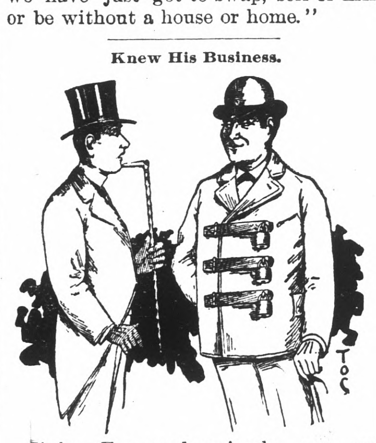
Wanted to Exchange.

The veracious editor of the Hawkinsville (Ga.) Dispatch recently published the following notice: "We have a good, gentle, family horse that we are anxious to exchange for a good possum dog or a reasonable amount of fish bait. There is positively nothing wrong with the horse but his voracious appetite. We have had him with us now about two weeks, and he has eaten up three loads of cypress shingles, two lot gates, licked the bottom out of a cast iron sugar kettle and commenced on the gable end of our residence, and the fact is we have just got to swap, sell or kill, or be without a house or home."

Knew His Business.



Jinks—For goodness' sake, man, are you crazy?

Blinks—Little scheme of mine, old fellow. You see, I promised to call for my wife over at the church fair.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Frank and Literal.

An amusing story is given in The Ladies' Pictorial of a little girl who had been very naughty, so that the aunt whom she was visiting had to punish her.

When she came to say her prayers at night, her little mind was still full of wrath against her aunt, but yet the child did not quite like to leave her name out of her evening devotions, so she compromised matters by saying, "Pray, God, bless father and mother;" then, after a long pause, she added, "and bless Aunt Julia, too, but not much."

It is perhaps natural that little children should expect their small supplications to be answered literally. We can sympathize with the small boy over his sums who said to his governess in a puzzled, half indignant voice:

"I can't do my sums, I can't, and I did ask God to help me, and he's made three mistakes already."

And There Was Light.

I was sexton of Grace church when the Rev. Mr. —— was rector there. It was a summer night and rather warm, so when the rector commenced his sermon I turned down the gas in the body of the church to make it a little cooler.

The text was, if I remember it, "Let there be light." I was sitting in the rear part of the church, not paying particularly close attention to the sermon, nor, in fact, to anything else. Suddenly the rector exclaimed loudly:

"More light! More light!"

I jumped for the stopcock in the gas supply pipe and turned on the gas full head all over the church. Well, sir, you ought to have seen those people! Some of them laughed right out, and those that didn't had hard work not to. I found out afterward that when the rector said, "More light!" he was not giving directions to me, but quoting the dying words of Goethe.—Utica Observer.

A Fable.

Once it happened that as a sweet and beauteous young maiden was passing along the highway she noticed a particularly deep and nasty mud puddle, which the inhabitants of the place called "Politics."

Thereupon the tender heart of the maiden was moved with pity for the passersby, whose sight and nostrils were offended by this grievous thing.

So she spake unto herself and said: "Behold, am I not fair and pure and beautiful? Are not my garments clean and spotless? Therefore I will cast myself into this puddle and purify it!"

But when she had cast herself into the mire and rolled in it the effect on the puddle was not perceptible, but the effect on the maiden ——!

Moral—The primaries are not afternoon teas.—Life.

She Was Crushed.

"Is this a smoking car?" she asked in choice Bostonese as she peered through her girlish spectacles into the uncultured conductor's face.

"No, miss," he answered, with a glad joyous feeling that for once he was getting even with a woman, "it is not."

She disappeared into the interior of the car, but in a few moments came out livid with wrath.

"You—told—me," she said in icy tones, "that it was not a smoking car."

"It is not, miss. None of our cars smokes. It is the smokers' car."—Detroit Free Press.

Not Superstitious.

Husband—Wifey, dear, what are you sighing for?

Wife—Just fancy, there are going to be 13 of us to supper!

Husband—Bless me, child, you are not superstitious, are you?

Wife—Not in the least. But I have only provided for nine persons.—Eulenspiegel.

Why the Price Fell.

Pompano—Two hundred dollars, sir, for that horse, and it cost me a thousand.

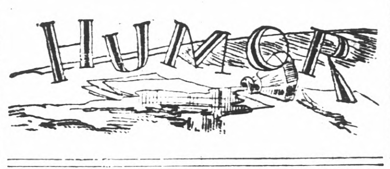
Blotterwick (suspiciously)—Isn't that an unusual reduction?

Pompano (frankly)—Yes, it is. But he ran away and killed my wife, and I have no further use for him.—Life.

Might Have Been Both.

First Boarder—What ails Dumback's appetite? He has hardly eaten enough for two days to keep him alive.

Second Boarder—It's love or policy, I don't know which. He's courting the landlady's daughter.—Chicago Tribune.



TURNING THE TABLES.

The Negro Met the Lawyer on His Own Ground.

A Kentucky lawyer was standing on the steps of the Covington postoffice the other day, when an old colored man came up and touching his hat asked:

"Kin you tell me is dis de place where dey sells postage stamps?"

"Yes, sir. This is the place," replied the lawyer, seeing a chance of a little quiet fun, "but what do you want with postage stamps, uncle?"

"To mail a letter, sah, of course."

"Well then, you needn't bother about stamps. You don't have to put any on this week."

"I don't?"

"No, sir."

"Why—for not?"

"Well, you see, the conglomeration of the hypothenuse has differentiated the parallelogram so much that the consanguinity don't emulate the ordinary effervescence, and so the government has decided to send letters free."

The old man took off his hat dubiously, shook his head and then, with a long breath, remarked:

"Well, boss, all dat may be true, an I don't say it ain't, but just s'posen dat de eckcentricity of the aggregation transubstantuates de ignominiousness of de puppindiceler and sublimites de puspicuity of de consequences—don't you qualificate dat de government would confiscate dat dare letter? I guess I'd jest better put some stamps on anyhow, fer luck!"

And the old man passed solemnly down the street.—Exchange.

He Explained It.

James Wilson of New Hampshire used to tilt with Jeremiah Smith occasionally. Once, while they were journeying together on horseback, Wilson rode on ahead, and meeting a stranger passed himself off to him as Smith, then a member of congress. When the two attorneys stopped for the night, Wilson related, in the presence of some friends, what a great dignitary he had been mistaken for. "Oh, no," said Smith, "the man knew better. He said: 'You Jerry Smith? Why, he's a respectable man.'"

A man of the name of Smith being arraigned in court for a criminal offense, Wilson asked Smith how it was that so many offenders happened to have his name. "Easily explained," replied Smith. "They want an honest name to be tried by, and so give the name of Smith, but on inquiry it will generally turn out that their true name is Wilson."—Green Bag.

Hood's Famous Hoax.

There is a very pretty story to the effect that the word "queer" came into our language through a hoax. I forgot who the alleged perpetrators were—Thomas Hood perhaps—but the story goes that a wager was made to the effect that the maker of it could set all London to talking within 24 hours. He accordingly had painted on fences, houses, sidewalks and all vacant spaces the letters, "Q-U-E-E-R." "Why, what is that?" everybody asked. And the response was that it was "queer;" hence everything that seemed strange after that was called "queer." It is a good story, and perhaps it is not fair to explode it by saying that our word "queer" comes directly from the German.—Boston Home Journal.

Pay Dirt.

The man who had gone west to grow up with the country returned to the scenes of his childhood in less than three years wearing good clothes and in many other ways giving competent testimony of prosperity.

"Hello!" exclaimed an old friend, meeting him. "You must have done well in the west."

"Well, rather," was the confident reply. "I struck pay dirt before I had been there a year."

"Pay dirt? I didn't know you were at the mines."

"I wasn't. I bought a farm for $50 an acre and sold it in town lots at $50 the lot. That's the kind of pay dirt to strike."—Detroit Free Press.

Earning His Living.

An old colored man, with his legs twisted about like corkscrews from rheumatism, and also partly paralyzed, sits on the step of the Austin courthouse and solicits alms.

"You must have a pretty hard time of it, uncle," remarked a sympathetic stranger, handing him a nickel.

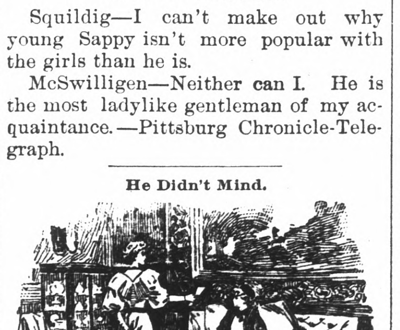
"Yes, boss, dat's a fact. Dar's six ob us in de family, and I'ze de only one able to get about and earn a libin."—Texas Siftings.

Hard to Understand.

Squildig—I can't make out why young Sappy isn't more popular with the girls than he is.

McSwilligen—Neither can I. He is the most ladylike gentleman of my acquaintance.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

He Didn't Mind.



Mother—Miss Smithers, your school mistress, tells me she's always being obliged to scold you, Johnnie. I'm sorry to hear that.

Johnnie (considerately)—Oh, never mind, mother. It doesn't matter. I'm not one of those sensitive children, you know.—Brooklyn Life.

DO NOT KILL THEM.

BIRDS THAT ARE REAL AIDS TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

The Harm They Do Is Small Compared to the Good They Accomplish—Even the Much Abused Hawk and Owl Render Valuable Service and Do Slight Harm.

"No decent person who knows the value of birds that sing, whether their notes be harsh or sweet voiced, will ever kill a singing bird," said a naturalist. "Thousands of birds that are of inestimable value to the farmer as well as to the town dweller who grows fruit or keeps a garden are slaughtered ruthlessly every year.

"The farmer, the gardener and the fruit grower should know more about the birds that nest and sing and flit about their premises, for then they would defend and protect them and in time have them back in something like their old time numbers and variety. How often nowadays does one see the saucy, rich voiced, nervous little wren? A few years ago it was seen and heard everywhere, but it must be a favored locality that it visits now. Yet the little wren was a most ravenous devourer of the pestiferous and destructive cutworm of the gardens and did great work toward lessening the damage done by the pest of the soil. The bright little bluebird clears the air and the ground of thousands of codlin moths and cankerworms during a season.

"The crow blackbird has no peace at the hands of man, yet a flock of them in a short time will clear a newly planted field of all its hosts of destructive larvæ that the plow turns up. The great American crow itself would do the same thing if it wasn't for the inevitable man with a gun that just wants the crow to try it once. Neither the blackbird nor the crow cares as much for corn as it does for grubs, and if farmers would scatter corn about their fields instead of putting up scarecrows and the like those misunderstood birds would never pull up a hill of his planting. The chances are anyhow that if the agriculturist will take the trouble to examine a hill of young corn that he charges the crow with pulling up he will find that it was cut off by a grub of some kind, and that the crow was simply mining for the grub, not the corn.

"The robin, it cannot be denied, is a sore trial to the man who has fruit trees and bushes, but if he could only bring himself to stop and think how many thousands of ravaging insects that are the especial enemies of his trees and bushes that the robin destroys, both before the fruit has ripened and for weeks after it is gone, he would not begrudge the bird the few quarts of cherries or berries that it levies on as partial satisfaction of the debt the grower owes him. The same may be said of the other thrushes—for the robin is a thrush—the cherry birds, orioles, blue jays and many other birds of that class. These birds never levy tribute on grain or seeds, but they do the farmer untold benefit.

"The climbing birds are the different varieties of woodpeckers, and they are constantly befriending growing things. Whenever a woodpecker is heard tapping on a tree, it is the deathknell of the larvæ of some destructive insect. Yet it is not an uncommon thing to see the very person for whom this bird is industriously at work following with his gun the bird's red head from tree to tree until the opportunity comes for him to send a load of shot into the unsuspecting feathered philanthropist. It is a pet belief among farmers that the woodpecker kills the tree it works on, and that he is working for that very purpose. It is a fact that the common little sapsucker does injure trees, but the woodpecker never does. Quite the contrary. The white breasted nut hatch and the little gray creeper—so generally confounded with the sapsucker—live exclusively on tree insects, yet the nut hatch is in bad repute among many farmers because they believe it kills their bees.

"The meadow lark is another bird that has little peace on any one's land, for there is a mistaken notion abroad that he is a game bird. He is game in the quality of being alert and hard to get a shot at, but is no more entitled to be so classified than the flicker or highholder is. The meadow lark is a constant feeder on underground larvæ, and whatever he is disturbed he is simply driven away from active work in ridding the ground of the worst kinds of farm pests. The blue jay may be said to be indirectly an enemy to the farmer as well as a friend, for it has the bad habit of destroying the eggs of other birds that do only good.

"If there is one bird that the farmer loves to do all in his power to exterminate more than he does the crow, unless it may be the hawk, that bird is the owl. He can't be brought to the belief that if it were not for the owls and the hawks his fields would be overrun and burrowed by field mice to such an extent that his crops would be in perpetual danger; that owls, while out mousing, feed on myriads of night flying moths and beetles, thus preventing the laying of millions upon millions of the eggs of these insects, and that they not only keep the field mice down, but lessen the number of domestic mice and rats about barns and outhouses to an extent that a small army of the most vigilant cats could not surpass. As to the hawk, the farmer remembers that on some occasion one carried off a chicken for him, and therefore the fact that the big soaring bird daily kills many field mice, grasshoppers, snakes, lizards, beetles and other vermin cannot be set up in its defense. The proportion of hawks or owls that kill chickens is small compared with those who keep down the deadly enemies of the farmer's crops."—Exchange.

There are three ordinary modes of execution in China—slicing to pieces, decapitation and strangulation.

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No. 164.—Letter Rebus.

X

This is a word which means to join. It takes five letters to spell it, but the above spells it just as well.

No. 165.—A Goblet.

Each word, except 6, 7 and 8, is of five letters; 6 and 8 are of three letters and 7 of one:

1. A compartment. 2. To search. 3. A kind of oar. 4. Dismal. 5. A stone. 6. Casualty. 7. A letter. 8. To twist together. 9. A naval salute. Centrals, a Persian name.

No. 166.—Mathematical Problem.

Find two numbers whose sum is 100. Divide one by the other alternately, and the sum of the quotients is 4¼. What are the numbers?

No. 167.—Poetical Pi.

Enim seey vaeh nese teh rylog fo het nigmoc fo eth dorL.
Eh si amptring tuo hte tinvage rehew teh gespar fo whart rea dersto.
Eh thah desool hte telufaf sinngthlig fo sih ribleert twisf words
Shi yad si chingram no.

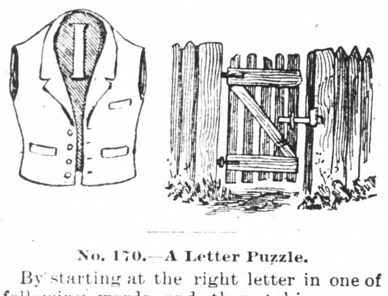
Properly arranged, the above gives the first verse of a famous battle hymn. Who was its author?

No. 168.—Double Acrostic.

The initials and finals give name and surname
Of a modern writer of well assured fame.
So fine, so strong, so fit in every way,
Made by an insect to ensnare its prey.
A plant whose bitter juice if you are ill
Perhaps may do you good made in a pill.
Belonging these, to all of human race,
In heraldry they sometimes find a place.
A venomous insect, largest of its kind,
Which in these southern climes we often find.
A man of intellect, refined and clear,
His memory to all Americans is dear.
I've you've lost a fight, take this advice, I pray,
Give in at once and quickly run away.

No. 169.—Illustrated Word.

When tricksters entice——



No. 170.—A Letter Puzzle.

By starting at the right letter in one of following words and then taking every third letter a couplet may be formed:

Banjo, inert, O, sandwich, tease, tear, of, actual, illume, twine, flame, tush, stem, ore, time, no, Ajax, up, unite, on, sweet, atoms, oath, shines, actions, Rhine, bisons, Ute, queen, owe, up.

No. 171.—Hidden Rivers.

1. A thud so near us made us all look to see what had on the pavement fallen.
2. Our hero guessed the exact number in the opera house.
3. Little Amos, aged 11, says that rents are tears.

His Winnings.

"Now, father," said a hopeful son,
"Suppose I prove to you
That you've three horses plowing there
Instead of only two?"

"Well, I'd be pleased," the father said,
"Because if I had three
My work would be the faster done.
That's very plain to see.

"So prove it now, my son, and I
One horse will give to you!"
"Well, sir, the gray horse counts for one,
The brown horse counts for two.

"And, as I'm sure you must admit
That one and two make three,
'Tis plain that three are standing there—
So which horse is for me?"

"I'll keep the gray," his father said,
"My old friend Brownie, too.
So, if you don't object, my son,
The third will be for you!"

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 154.—The Carpenter's Puzzle: Start the saw one foot from one side of the board and saw four feet, then saw across one foot on the wide side, then lengthwise again to the other end. Then slip the two pieces along until they fit into each other.

No. 155.—Diamond:

R
L E D
W A G E S
L A M I N A R
R E G I S T R A R
D E N T I S T
S A R S E
R A T
R

No. 156.—Primal Acrostic: Bayard. 1. Bird. 2. Angle. 3. Yacht. 4. Apple. 5. Revolver. 6. Dagger.

No. 157.—Charade: Sea-ling. Sealing.

No. 158.—Pi For Young Folks:

I have closed my books and hidden my slate
And thrown my satchel across the gate.
My school is out for a season of rest,
And now for the schoolroom I love the best.
My schoolroom lies on the meadow wide,
Where under the clover the moonbeams hide,
Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars,
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars.

No. 159.—Double Acrostics: Bird-cage. 1. BaalbeC. 2. IdeA. 3. ReadinG. 4. DukE. —Cotton. 1. CharioT. 2. OrinocO. 3. ThorN.

No. 160.—Half Squares:

R E P O S E S	C A N A L
E L U D E D	A L U M
P U R E E	N U T
O D E S	A M
S E E	L
E D	
S	

No. 161.—Shakespearean Anagrams: 1. Richard Plantagenet. 2. Princess Katherine. 3. Thomas Rother(h)am. 4. Titus Lartius. 5. Walter Whitmore. 6. Metellus Cimber. 7. Lady Montague. 8. Bishop of Carlisle. 9. Sir Thomas Gargrave. 10. Peas blossom. 11. Don Adriano de Armado. 12. King of France. 13. Leonardo. 14. Archidamus. 15. Lady Macbeth. 16. Chatillon. 17. Owen Glendower. 18. Touchstone. 19. Violenta.

No. 162.—Geographical Divisions: Nankin, Bush-ire, Old-ham, Holy-well, Madrid, Jack-son.

No. 163.—Decapitations: C-raven, O-pinion. P-resent. S-molder. A-vaunt.

THE CLOVER.

Some sing of the lily and daisy and rose,
And the pansies and pinks that the summer time throws
In the green, grassy lap of the medder that lays
Blinkin up at the skies through the sunshiny days.
But what is the lily and all of the rest
Of the flowers to a man with a heart in his breast,
That has sipped, brimmin full of the honey and dew,
Of the sweet clover blossoms his boyhood knew?

I never set heavy on a clover field now,
Or fool round a stable, or climb in a mow,
But my childhood comes back just as clear and as plain
As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin again.
And I wander away, in a barefooted dream,
Where I tangled my toes in the blossoms that gleam
With the dew of the dawn of the morning of love
Ere it wept o'er the graves that I'm weepin above.

And so I love clover. It seems like a part
Of the sacredest sorrows and joys of my heart,
And whenever it blossoms, oh, there let me bow
And thank the good Lord as I'm thankin him now,
And pray to him still for the strength, when I die,
To go out in the clover and tell it goodby
And lovingly nestle my face in its bloom,
While my soul slips away on a breath of perfume.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A GAGE OF LOVE.

Richard Bulkley, M. D., or, as he was generally known in his native town of Pergamos, "young Dr. Dick," was a skillful and successful physician, well liked and respected by his fellow citizens, with one exception; but, oh, what a mighty test of the rule that exception was!

"Dr. Dick" was tall, slender, erect and replete with nervous energy. His face was pleasant and sympathetic, and his brown eyes more expressive than ingenuous, for they were nearsighted. In the sickroom he was intent and solicitous, like a thoroughbred hound on the scent, but in his recreations he was apt to be vague and distraught, as if his mental acuteness also required the adjustment of his professional spectacles. Probably the amiable failings resulting from this absence of mind were more potent aids to his popularity than his ability could have been had it been aggressive, for we laugh most with the friend at whom we oftenest laugh.

Outside of such trivial eccentricities, "Dr. Dick" had no detriments. He was a bachelor, alone in the world, unrestrained by either the demands or the jealousies of relatives and hampered by neither debt nor vice. His future was a broad, rich meadow, growing more expansive and fertile as he advanced. What wonder that many an anxious matron of Pergamos believed that she possessed just the one ewe lamb fitted to gambol on such a green?

Now, Dr. Dick, at heart, was ardent and romantic; his dreams of love were universal, except that tame sort which comes when one beckons. Hence the mute proffers of such well trained browsers were unnoticed by him. And indeed his reveries at the present sufficed for reality. When he smoked at night in his easy chair, before the cheery hearth, he could see the tender eyes of his ideal in the glow and could well nigh feel the stroke of her little hand in the heart's soothing vibrations. Such imaginary companionship was very grateful after the labors and worries of the day, and then, by the time his pipe was exhausted and the embers were teaching the melancholy of all fervor, how exceedingly sleepy he had become!

Then his recreations, though dimly shared, were keenly appreciated by Dr. Dick. There was the club, of which he was a founder, and a perpetual member of the house committee. Its list afforded as many various types of comradeship as it did of good fellows. Besides, every month or so he was called on important business to the metropolis, which exigency in truth consisted of his yearning for some old college friends there divergently engaged in clambering Parnassus and of their yearning for him.

It happened one day of such pleasurable outing that Dr. Dick came dashing down the stairs of his hotel in a tremendous hurry, for it was natural for him to be always behind time and never give in to the fact. In a word, he was ever doggedly chasing the train of an engagement out from its station. He was now on his way to a bachelor dinner, which was to adjourn for digestion to the theater. As he reached the bottom step, plunging his hands the while into various pockets in search of what he had forgotten, he discovered that that inevitable something was his handkerchief. As the elevator was old fashioned, and hence more suave than brisk, he abandoned its wabbling inertia to the impish children haunting the different floors, and, breathless yet determined, turned about and sped up again toward his room. As if his physical gaze was also fixed, he saw nothing save his impatiently waiting friends.

Alas for the proverbial leisure of haste! As Dr. Dick, headlong and heedless, swung around the angle of a corridor he ran full against a young girl hurrying from the opposite direction with such force, too, that despite his confusion he was constrained to recall his professional skill. For an instant the maiden lay half unconscious in his arms, while he frantically endeavored to count a pulse, to the fluttering of which his own heart responded. Then she recovered sense and possession at once, and shaking away his grasp stood a little apart gazing mockingly upon him as he strove to express the thousand apologies which he so poignantly felt. Ah! how could one be collected before such a pretty stranger, with such merry gray eyes, so filled up with light, with such tantalizing lips, seemingly repeating his words, and with swaying, graceful form, so admirably molded by her dark blue gown? Poor Dr. Dick panted and stammered, nor did his fair adversary's fluent ripple of blithe laughter lend him its fluency.

"Pray think no more about it, doctor," at length she said. "I feel highly honored, I'm sure, to have been attended by so distinguished a physician, for you must be successful, you know—you have such a pushing way," and again she laughed and then flitted down the corridor, leaving a haunting echo of merriment behind her.

And an hour later this jocund unknown was on her way with her parents to her western home, where, doubtless, she received the homage due to her beauty, met and married the Prince Charming and lived happily forever after.

But this was not the future that Dr. Dick had arranged for her as he hurried to his appointment. No, indeed, for already had his romantic fancy named him as the guardian of it. Yes, it had come—that great, mysterious love which had so often fascinated him with half glimpses in the hearth's chiaro oscuro; at a single wave of its magic wand his eyes had opened and seen; in one entrancing instant he had passed from existing into living.

"I shall find her," he soliloquized, "I know I shall. There is a mystic magnetic influence which will guide me more accurately than the needle turns to the pole. At last, at last, have I found my fate!" Poor young doctor, so foolish in thy sapience! Through experience thou shalt learn that one does not find one's fate, but is rather found by her whenever she deigns to seek.

As Dr. Dick sat in the theater box gazing at the stage, but in reality viewing the sharp end of the hotel corridor, after a nervous wont he fumbled with his watchguard. His fingers caught a strange little object entangled in its meshes, which furtive observation revealed to be a charm in the shape of an anchor. His companion's absorption allowed him to examine the trinket. On one side was the inscription, "St. Griselda's, '93," and on the other the bold original legend, "Hope on, hope ever."

"Aha!" murmured Dr. Dick, after the singular yet veracious habit of the warhorse, "I have a clew." He had indeed, and hence was likely to become involved in the labyrinth of false influence. Certain it was that the next day the affable hotel clerk was either Spartan or Beotian in his inability to recognize the fair guest from her admirer's impassioned description, and when at length Dr. Dick returned to Pergamos to resume his round of professional calls he took with him a heart so heavy with disappointment that his gig creaked and his faithful horse looked back in pained surprise. And yet the little jewel in its own bold and original language bade him to not despair. Its possession was such an advantage, if only he might encounter its owner. It gave him the rights of an acquaintanceship which certainly his adventure did not vouchsafe. If only—ah, what a high fence around felicity that little proviso can be. And yet the steadfast of heart may climb and peep and finally gain an unbroken view.

One Sunday, as Dr. Dick was passing out of church, he caught a glimpse of a face a little in advance which gave to his feet the wings of impatience instead of the clogs of decorum. Was he dreaming? If not, then there she was—that fair, bewitching girl—not smiling indeed, but even more charming in her sweet seriousness. Dr. Dick pressed forward until only one obstacle intercepted his pursuit. But this body was bulky and important, with its swaying gait, and, alas! it was animated by the fiery soul of John Knox McPherson, M. D., the exception aforesaid—by that one soul, in a word, that felt a bitter, unextinguishable hatred toward him.

Dr. Dick cast off impatience and resumed the steady tread of decorum. Too well he knew that his ancient enemy would embrace the most inoffensive chance and squeeze it into a deliberate insult. Were not their relations already sufficiently strained? Besides, this was hardly the time or place for an elaborate explanation. He would restrain his ardor and hope, since the "on" and the "ever" seemed so near a glorious fruition.

The following afternoon, while Dr. Dick and a friend were standing at the club window, two ladies passed by—one elderly and matronly, the other young and sylphlike. And on the "other" Dr. Dick stared with eyes which blinked with uncertainty, which glowed with assurance. Yes, it must be she; there was the identical blue dress, and could he mistake the outlines of that form or that radiant smile, once more asserting its superiority over sweet seriousness.

"Who is she?" he gasped.

"Why, old Dame McPherson, of course," answered his friend. "Don't you know her?"

"The wife of my mortal enemy? Pshaw, of course I do! But I mean the other."

"Why, their daughter Evelyn, their only child. You must remember her."

"Yes, as a little girl. But where has she been to grow like that?"

"Away at boarding school, receiving her instruction. She's a hummer, isn't she?"

"At boarding school?" repeated Dr. Dick. "Oh, do tell me where,—at once."

"Why, old man," said his friend in surprise, "I'm not a vinegar nosed spinster. But let me see. Yes, she's been at St. Griselda's Female seminary, at Hillsdale."

Ah, here was confirmation stronger than proofs of holy writ of that ineffably dear identity!

"Why, you act as if you were very much struck," continued the friend. But Dr. Dick said not a word. He turned abruptly away and in the deserted smoking room sought his favorite seat before the hearth. He broke the coals into a joyous blaze and gazed; but, alas, he could not share in the vehemence. He was struck, struck in a heap. To think that this bewildering unknown should prove to be the daughter of his adversary, and such a prejudiced, redoubtable adversary too. If he were only a foe of the ordinary sort, then he might well persist, but against that hard, stubborn head the keenest blade would turn its edge. He remembered her now—oh, yes, the little Evelyn. How had she indeed ever passed from his memory—that dear little child, so eager for his word and smile?

In his student days, when her father, that grim, unrelenting one, had been his friend and mentor, she had been a great pet of his. Why had he not realized that 5 can change 14 from immaturity into goddesshood? Ah, those old days! There was something inexpressibly tender about their memory, after all. Then the one stout champion of his pupilage had been this same Dr. John Knox McPherson, his dead father's friend, his own guardian and tutor. What pride that old man had taken in his success, with what daring hyperboles had he pictured his future! Even now, as Dr. Dick recalled those fierce irascible features, he seemed to see regard peering out at him as if from a mask. Oh, the pity of it, that he should ever have become estranged from this pugnacious yet noble nature! But could he blame himself? Come, let him see:

Dr. John Knox McPherson was a Scotchman, typifying to the ends of his fingers the strength, the reason, the frailty and the absurdity of his race. He was stout of heart and of intellect, but oversufficient in his confidence in each. Mankind was generally wrong, with one unchanging exception, and that was Dr. John Knox McPherson. He was called a doctor of the old school, a title he would have repudiated with scorn, for there was but one school to him, and without it lay the utter darkness of quackery.

He had a practice as extensive as his desires in Pergamos, for his dress suit and ruffle, his ponderous watchguard, his snuffbox and red bandanna, the latter of which waved at the snap of the former, exhaled a tonic of confidence in a sickroom. But more, and vastly more, too, he was president of the Pergamos Medical school. Here indeed centered his interests, for here were taught the pure principles of his craft as they had been transmitted through an unbroken line of adepts from Hippocrates even unto himself. For one shut out from this source of learning Dr. McPherson felt the sincerest pity, but he who after attendance there dared to seek strange gods was to him anathema marantha and the abomination of desolation combined and infinitely intensified.

It followed, then, when young Richard Bulkley, his prime favorite and hope, after graduation, had gone abroad and to Germany, of all places, and had there studied in despite and contravention of professional ethics, that Dr. McPherson shook the dust of friendship off his feet and bestrewed his head with the ashes of hatred. Thereafter Dr. Dick was an accursed thing to him, the more accursed because reason would often approve of his industry and skill and memory reflect his nature in soft, pleasing colors.

Little wonder, then, that Dr. Dick had well nigh forgotten the little girl whom in his student days he had so petted and admired. Little wonder, too, if in this maiden's heart every fond word and deed of his had not only been preserved, but also enhanced, for in trouble man's panacea is oblivion and woman's remembrance.

Just off from the smoking room, separated by heavy curtains, was a small apartment popularly called "the den," for there sundry fierce old members were wont to gather and quarrel over their cups. As Dr. Dick sat reviewing the past and conjuring from it aspirations and passions long since unheeded, there came from this quarter sounds of a wrangle, so unusually virulent that perforce he had to listen.

"Of course," said a voice, oily, insinuating, exasperating, "of course you boast now so far ahead of the event, but when it comes off and your precious proteges are so much out of the race as to never have been in it, why, you will have so thoroughly swallowed your words as to swear you never even chewed them."

"It's a lee," rasped another voice, tremulous with wrath, "a domned unmannerly lee! I'll bet my head and my boots that a graduate of the Pergamos Medical school takes the prize without half trying. I could name a thousand fine young men who could do it, and let me tell you, sir, when this particular fine young man, whoever he may be, has done it, he can own anything I've got, from a partnership to my daughter's hand in marriage. Meanwhile, sir, I conceive your doubts are meant in no friendly way, and so good day to you."

Dr. Dick crouched in his chair and just in time, for through the room stamped Dr. John Knox McPherson, red faced and furious, through the room and out, with a tremendous emphasis of the door.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the inner room. Dr. Dick entered and found, as he expected, Professor Eben Meade, dean of the Pergamos Law school, perpetual crony and occasional foe of the irascible president, and hence this young man's advocate and friend.

"At it again, hey?" said Dr. Dick. "Pray what is it all about?"

The professor beat his sides for several minutes before he answered. "That impossible old idiot," he gurgled, "went off in a fury just because I ventured to say that it it wasn't an absolutely sure thing that one of his confounded graduates would take the prize offered by the state university for the best essay on 'The Idiosyncrasies of the Medulla Oblongata.' As if he hadn't turned out a perfect pestilence of numskulls and quacks, by Jove. Why, even you, my son, had to clear away the cobwebs with a German brush, and yet he'll wager his head and his boots on his paragons and give to the victor his daughter. I swear if I wasn't just as old as I used to be I'd have a try for it myself. Ha! ha! ha!" and away waddled the professor.

Dr. Dick stood and pondered like one who has heard the voice of the oracle, yet is doubtful of interpretation. "I'd have a try for it myself," he repeated. Ah, why, oh, why shouldn't he, a graduate of the Pergamos Medical school, take the president at his word, and in winning the prize win also a bride? Would not the old man's gratification in his triumph do away with all remembrance of his apostasy? Would not the former regard revive enhanced by this later respect? At least he would have a try for it. Yes, indeed! At the worst he could hold the doctor to his word, and who more scrupulous than John Knox McPherson? At worst—ah, this worst would be rapture, even if the obdurate sire should burst with chagrin! Have a try for it? Of course he would, and gain it too! For weeks thereafter the places that had known Dr. Dick's recreations knew them no more, and the round of his professional engagements became in comparison his resting spells.

There was general rejoicing in Pergomas, and amusement, too, when it was known that Dr. Dick had won the great prize offered by the state university. Not only was the popular pride tickled by his success, but also the popular sense of incongruity, and many were the surmises as to how the old president would be able to assimilate so bitter a pill. Dr. Dick wondered also, and uneasily, as he wended his way to his antagonist's house, where the mead of his victory was awaiting him. He was resolved to endure verbal, aye, even physical abuse, if only, ah! if only he might be permitted to see his beloved. But what then? Would he be allowed to begin where he had left off? Poor Dr. Dick did not realize that Evelyn didn't know that he had ever left off.

John Knox McPherson, M. D., received Dr. Dick with the awful, austere dignity of his namesake. "It behooves me, sir," he began, "by virtue of my official position, to present to you the prize which you have so unexpectedly—ahem! so meritoriously won. I am constrained, too, to express my personal sentiments of gratification—no, domn it all, I mean amazement—I swear, mon, I dinna ken what I mean. I've lost my head altogether!" and the red bandanna frantically waved like a signal of distress.

"Not at all," said Dr. Dick, with the pleasant, captivating smile of his boyhood. "I've saved your head and your boots too."

"What!" roared the old man. "Was it you snuggling before the fire? Well, it was lucky I didn't know you. I was that enraged! But you did maintain my words, me boy, and right scienteefically too. And the dean may put that in his pipe and smoke it. And you are a graduate of my school and an honor to it besides. There, there. I've always loved you, and I'll not only forgive, but I'll forget," and Dr. Dick was inclosed in a snuffy and sticky embrace.

"My success was due to your instruction, sir," said Dr. Dick adroitly. "All else is but"——

"But an idiosyncrasy of your confounded conceited medulla oblongata," interrupted the delighted president.

"And now may I hope," continued the young man, "that you will wish to keep your word"——

"Me word! I'll have you to understand, sir"——

"'From a partnership to my daughter's hand in marriage,'" quoted Dr. Dick.

"So it's Evelyn you're after, and 'twas not a sneaking fondness for your old preceptor that moved you? Weel, weel! It's natural, I suppose, and the mother says she has ne'er forgotten. But, no secrets out of school, you shall just ask her yourself. A partnership, though—that requires deliberation. There'll be no potencies, no triturates, will there, now?"

"Nothing later than Galen," asserted Dr. Dick.

"Come on then." And a moment later this medical knight was alone in the drawing room with his ladylove.

How pretty she was, and how altogether desirable in her unfeigned joy!

"I have never changed," Evelyn murmured in response to his impassioned protestations, "and I have always believed in your constancy."

"Ah, well you might!" vowed the shameless Dr. Dick. "Your long absence has been purgatory, and the three glimpses I have caught of you since your return revelations of a heaven cruelly denied."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Evelyn. "But it's only twice, isn't it?"

"Twice?" repeated Dr. Dick in wonderment.

"Why, yes. Twice that you have seen me—once in church and once from the club."

Dr. Dick was quick and accurate in diagnosis. Evidently there was some mistake about that encounter in the metropolis, but whose mistake? Why, his own, of course. This young girl's nature was too simple, too clear for any doubt as to that. Instead of following an ideal, he had merely blundered into felicity. But should he explain? Well, hardly. Love was too subtle for an analysis. An explanation might possibly separate; it could never bind.

"Twice, of course," he assented. "But I didn't think you saw me, you looked so demure."

"That ought to have told you," said Evelyn.

"See," continued Dr. Dick after a moment's reflection, displaying the little golden anchor in his watchguard; "see, I found this in the city, and I've kept it ever since. It reminded me of you."

"How sweet of you!" cried the enraptured Evelyn. "It is our class badge. One of the girls must have lost it. I always wear mine on my chain around my neck. And you will always wear that, won't you, as a token of your devotion, as a gage of love?"—New York Times.

Such a Thing as Luck.

If a man does not believe there is such a thing as luck, let him go to a race track. There was a good illustration on Derby day. A young man went out to see what races were like. He had not thought of betting, but after he had been there awhile he saw that everybody was "playing," so he went down in the betting stand to look into the matter. He arrived just after they had posted the odds on the second race. He saw the name "Elise," and at once he knew that Elise was going to win. He had been thinking about Elise for weeks, sending her flowers and going to see her twice a week—dear Elise! The name could not lose. He went straight up to a bookmaker and said:

"I want to bet you $10 that Elise will win the next race, if you please."

He did not grow excited during the race; he was not surprised when Elise won, only very proud. He pulled out his ticket and showed it to a group of friends, saying:

"See what I've done!"

"Won $250! Why didn't you tell me about this?" exclaimed the man who had played "form." The young man would not believe at first that he had won $250. He said he had only bet $10.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Making Sure.

John W. Kern tells a good story on one of his distinguished friends of the Indianapolis bar. It was several years ago, and his friend was trying a case in the circuit court which related to a valuable piece of real estate.

One of the witnesses in the case was a prominent real estate dealer of the city, and when he came upon the stand to testify the usual question was asked him as to whether he had been sworn. He replied that he had.

"Your name, please?" was the first question.

The answer was truthfully given.

"And your occupation?"

"Real estate agent."

"How's that?"

"I said 'real estate agent.'"

"Swear this witness again, your honor," shouted the attorney.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

It Takes Both to Make a World.

Miss Eliza Burt Gamble of Detroit has taken a good deal of pains to demonstrate that women are the superiors of men. This has quite naturally aroused the ire of Mr. Andrew Lang, who says that it is childish to call either sex the absolute superior of the other. "There is no doubt," says Mr. Lang, "as to which sex is physically and mentally the stronger. There is no doubt that men are the better workers, fighters, poets, painters, musicians, even mediums, if it comes to that. But it takes both men and women to make a world, and each sex is superior for its own purpose."—New York Sun.

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PRANKS PLAYED BY SPIRITS.

Slade Gives a Midnight Exhibition of His Power Over the Invisible.

"Once," said the real estate man, "before I fell from grace, I was a reporter on a paper down in the central part of the state. There were a good many spiritualists in the city where I worked, and I got rather interested in the belief myself. I had been to numerous seances and seen some things that puzzled me, and I hailed the coming of Slade, the great slate writer, with joy. I thought that he could, if he chose, clear up a lot of foggy points for me and either make me a full fledged believer or show me that the whole thing was a fake.

"Slade came to town, and I got well acquainted with him. He gave a number of seances, and I attended all of them. One night I went to the hotel where he was staying and had a long talk with him. I didn't get much satisfaction, I am free to confess. Just as I was about to start for home a very heavy snowstorm came up, and Slade kindly invited me to share his room. We went to bed about 12 o'clock.

"I confess that I was a trifle scary. I thought that a man who had the control over the spirits that Slade seemed to possess might have supernatural visitors at night, and I didn't exactly relish the programme. However, it was very stormy outside, and I concluded that I would rather take the chances of a visitation from a few spirits, more or less, than walk a mile through a blizzard. Slade kept talking cheerfully about all sorts of things until we were undressed and in bed and the lights had been put out. Then he relapsed into silence. I turned over on my side and tried to get to sleep. The room was quiet as the grave. Suddenly I heard something strike bang against the wall, and I sat straight up in bed. One of my shoes had left its place on the floor and had been thrown with terrific force against the wall.

"This was the beginning of a series of remarkable happenings that lasted three hours. Every article in the room was thrown around promiscuously. The furniture was banged against the ceiling. The bed, a heavy affair, was picked up and chucked against the wall with a jar that nearly threw me out of it. To cap it all, something got hold of the bedclothes and began to pull them off. I hung on to them with all my strength, but they were drawn off and thrown in a heap in the middle of the room. All this time Slade lay on his back on his side of the bed. He never moved, so far as I could see, nor did he say a word.

"I didn't sleep much that night. Slade told me that he had the spirits do these things. I don't know whether he did or not, but I do know that I wouldn't spend such another night for a good bit of money, and I further know that I cannot explain the phenomena on any other basis than that something was doing these things at Slade's behest."—Buffalo Express.

Firing Big Guns.

"The man who has never been in close proximity to a 100 ton gun when it is fired can have little conception of the noise and vibration," said Lieutenant John W. Leigh, a retired naval officer. "Partly by courtesy and partly by chance I was on the Thunderer at the siege of Alexandria some years ago. Two sets of advice were given me as to how to act when the big guns were fired. Old experienced seamen can stand the shock by raising on their toes the moment the word is given to fire. The majority of people, however, find it necessary in order to preserve their ear drums from perforation to lie down, resting most of the weight on their hands and toes. Even with this precaution the sensation is most unpleasant until one gets used to it. Even with the comparatively small guns in general use in our navy the concussion on board a ship when a shot is fired is very annoying, but the enormous guns used so generally in European navies are a source of terrible danger to the crew as well as the enemy, and I doubt if they could possibly be used in a hand to hand encounter, useful as they are for destroying distant ports.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Breach of Promise Suits.

Goldie asks if a young man can sue a young woman for breach of promise if while engaged to him she marries another man. Answer: There are a great many foolish young people in the world, Goldie, who seem to think that they can in some way by money compensation make up for unhappiness, sleepless nights, tears and heartache. Unless there has been some actual wrong, breach of promise suits are a very poor investment. They generally end in a good deal of scandal and have most unpleasant consequences. If no real wrong has been sustained, the court would likely award about a cent damages, and there would be heavy costs and all parties made ridiculous. Such suits are best let alone. Legally a man can sue for breach of promise as well as a woman, but he appears very ridiculous when he does so.—New York Ledger.

Should Your Shoes Creak.

Creaking shoes are an intolerable nuisance. Yet some shoes will creak, notwithstanding every precaution. For such intractable wear it is recommended to pour a small quantity of linseed or sweet oil upon a flat surface, like a platter, and allow the soles to stand in the oil over night. In that way they will not only lose the squeak, but will become saturated with the oil, making them proof against dampness. Another cure may be effected by taking them to a cobbler and having one or two pegs driven into the center of the soles.—New York World.

Fetching.

Mrs. Spendleigh—Don't you think, dear, that the way I dress is really fetching?

Mr. Spendleigh (groaning)—I should say I did! It is fetching me into the bankruptcy court!—Hallo.

THE HOME OF THE CUCKOO CLOCK.

It Is In the Black Forest of Germany In the Little Town of Villingen.

Villingen is one of the centers for the Black Forest clock industry. The making of clocks in the Schwarzwald dates from a very old time, and the industry has here attained some forms which are to be found nowhere else. It is perhaps the most distinctive of all the skilled trades of these clever people.

The inhabitants of the hills, from the earliest time, in distinction from the residents of the valley, who preferred to farm, have shown a love for woodwork, and centuries ago trained their hands to cut out various clever utensils. Their skill in this line took the form of clockmaking about 1680 or 1690. There were very rudimentary ideas afloat concerning what constituted a clock in those days. At first a weight was used hung from a string. Later the pendulum was introduced. Then came the striking one day clocks. Again, a little later, the eight day clocks. By their own discoveries and by the adoption of the inventions of foreigners these people have thus steadily kept themselves in the front rank among the clock manufacturers of the world.

This section particularly excels in making automatic clocks and clocks combined with musical boxes and other novelties. The principal thing in this line, however, is the cuckoo clock (in German kukuk). The first cuckoo clock was put together about 150 years ago by an inventive old Schwarzwalder, and the popularity of his clever mechanical device continues without abatement. As this is a subject which has lately been the cause of some discussion in the United States it may be well to say that this is the home of the clock in question. There are several factories in Villingen which manufacture nothing else.

The cuckoo is put up in every kind of a clock and with every kind of good, bad and indifferent timekeeping machinery. He may be had, works and all, for $1, and so on up, according to the quality of his song and other characteristics. His special peculiarity, of course, is his regularity, and this is what got him into trouble in the United States. He has a small cage up at the top of the clock, and whenever the time comes for him to go through his exhibition his door flies open, he steps out in front, bows and flaps his wings and sings his little song. He has been criticised for his limited repertory. Nature did this, and so no bird can improve on nature. The peculiar sound is made by the use of a sort of double bellows, through which the wind is forced at the proper intervals.

If it is a good clock, the mimicry is perfect. It is an invention which could be made only here, in the land of the cuckoo. At this time of the year the bird can be heard seesawing away in every copse of woods. He has points of difference from the American cuckoo. He does not lay his eggs in other birds' nests and seems, in fact, to be a very decent kind of fowl.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Superior Revolver Shooting.

The difficulty of shooting accurately with a revolver is apparent to every one who has experimented with the weapon. They are all well enough in the hands of experienced men possibly or at point blank range, but difficult for ordinary persons to handle satisfactorily.

This was made very apparent to a young New Yorker who visited the Adirondacks during the last hunting season. He was off with his guide, and having occasion to use a new revolver blazed away six times at a near object without in the slightest degree approaching it.

He was not a little disgusted with the result of his shooting, particularly as he saw a merry twinkle in the eyes of the backwoodsman and heard him exclaim, "I killed a spruce pa'tridge with the only revolver I ever owned, Mr. Blank."

"Is that so?" remarked the other. "You must be a good shot—better than I am."

"Don't know as I am," drawled the guide. "I blazed away at it six times, and the thing only hopped around—didn't mind it at all. Then I got mad, an I said, ''Ell take it,' and I threw the revolver at the pa'tridge, and derned if I didn't kill him that way. That's the best shot I ever made with a revolver, and about the best I ever heard of being made around here. We don't like the things, but give us a rifle and we're handy shooters."—New York Herald.

Training the Senses.

The eye always sees what it wants to see, and the ear hears what it wants to hear. If I am intent upon birds' nests in my walk, I find birds' nests everywhere. Some people see four leaved clover wherever they look in the grass. A friend of mine picks up Indian relics all about the fields. He has Indian relics in his eye. I have seen him turn out of the path at right angles, as a dog will when he scents something, and walk straight away several rods and pick up an Indian pounding stone. He saw it out of the corner of his eye. I find that without conscious effort I see and hear birds with like ease. Eye and ear are always on the alert.—John Burroughs' "Fielding Notes" in Century.

THE OX CART.

Some Facts Concerning That Lumbering but Picturesque Vehicle.

One would scarcely expect to find ox carts made in this city, but they are made here by one manufacturer as a part of a general wagon making business.

The sale of ox carts in this country is decreasing. Here the use of them has always in large measure been confined to the rough and hilly farms of the New England and middle states, and even in those states they are now giving way to carts and wagons drawn by horses. Old farmers brought up to use ox carts continue to use them, but their sons do not. The younger men buy not oxen, but horses, not ox carts, but wagons and horse carts. How much of this change is due to the fact that the stony, hilly lands are now pretty well cleared and that oxen are less needed for plowing, how much is due to the spirit of the age with its quicker movement in all the fields of labor, how much to a greater inclination toward luxury, it might be difficult to say, but the ox cart is passing away. It is still used, however, to some extent. It may be met perhaps in the haying field, perhaps under the spreading elms at the village blacksmith's shop. The cart met amid such surroundings is quite as likely to have been made in the city as in the country, for they are all substantially alike.

The only important changes that have been made in ox carts in many years have been the substitution of iron for wooden axles and the broadening of the face of the wheel. All ox carts are now built with iron axles and 4 inch tires. New York city built ox carts are sold in western Connecticut, in western Massachusetts and in New York, and occasionally in remoter parts of this country. There is a steady demand for them from the planters of the West Indies and of Central and South America. An ox cart costs about $100.—New York Sun.

A Big Cypress Tree.

We started at 8:30 o'clock, determining to take on our way the big cypress of Tula, which is so large that it is worthy to be ranked above the big trees of California. We found it in the inclosure of the parish church. There is no doubt that the latter was built in that place because of the tree, for which the Indians feel great veneration. It is precisely of the same kind as the trees of Chapultepec, but the largest there is only 40 feet in circumference, while this one is, by recent measurement, 152 feet 4 inches. There is another difference, and a very marked one, and this is the tendency to a flattening of the lower and larger branches and of the peculiar buttresses which the trunk throws out. In the latter they are almost as flat as boards, and in the branches the flatness is that of a wedge. The contrast between these and the upper ones, which are rounded, is very striking. The trunk is not like an ordinary one, but resembles a buttressed wall, so that the two diameters vary enormously. The height must be less than 200 feet, making the appearance in a photogaph almost dwarfish. The spread of the branches from north to south is gigantic, and the effect of light and shade is entrancing to the artist. There are colonies of lizards and of various birds in the different departments of the trunk and branches, and upon the green dome of the top were a group of buzzards that croaked without intermission during our whole stay.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Evidently Mistaken.

He was a polite appearing man, with a small leather case in his hand, and when he rang the bell the lady of the house, who was "reddin up" the parlor, did not fear to go to the door, rag around her head and all.

"I am selling a small article here," he began as soon as the period of usual salutation had passed.

"I guess not," she interrupted

"I beg your pardon," he said in a cloud of comprehensivelessness.

"I said I guessed not," she smiled.

"Guessed not what?"

"Guessed you were not selling a small article here."

"But I assure you, madam, I am, and I have been selling them all over town for a week past."

"I don't doubt that, but it isn't any sign you are selling one here, for you are not, nor will you. I don't know what it is, nor do I want to know, and I wouldn't want it if I did, so good morning," and she firmly, but gently closed the door in his face.

"Wonder if that is another one of them language sharps from Boston," he soliloquized as he went down the steps.—Detroit Free Press.

Spencer's Peculiarities.

Herbert Spencer, while traveling in England, pounced upon every man in the cars who smoked or who even attempted to smoke out of the windows. "Is it disagreeable to you?" they would ask. "Not at all," he would reply, "but it is against the law, and the law is a proper one. You have no right to break it, and you shall not do it, and if you do not desist I will call the guard." With porter, cabby or steamboat captain he was ever ready to do battle in the cause of justice, but he had no patience with chronic fault finding. "I used to visit Carlyle," he said, "but he has got so cross and misanthropic and raves so constantly about the hor-r-rible state of things that I couldn't stand it. I do not want to argue with him, and I won't listen to his nonsense, and so I stay away."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Dental Electricity.

Electricity is employed nowadays for pulling teeth. To the battery are attached three wires. Two of them have handles at the end, while the third is attached to the forceps. The patient grasps the handles, the electricity is turned on suddenly, and the dentist simultaneously applies his forceps to the tooth. The instant the tooth is touched it, as well as the surrounding parts, becomes insensible to pain. A jerk, and it is out.—Electricity.

THE EAGLE'S EYE.

Why It Can See Both Nearby or Distant Objects Equally Well.

All birds of prey have a peculiarity of eye structure that enables them to see near or distant objects equally well. An eagle will ascend more than a mile in perpendicular height, and from that elevation can perceive its unsuspecting prey and pounce upon it with unerring certainty. Yet the same bird can scrutinize with almost microscopic nicety an object close at hand, thus possessing a power of accommodating its sight to distance in a manner to which the human eye is unfitted, and of which it is totally incapable.

In looking at a printed page we find that there is some particular distance, probably 10 inches, at which we can read the words and see each letter with perfect distinctness, but if the page be moved to a distance of 40 inches or brought within a distance of five inches we find it impossible to read it at all. A scientific man would therefore call 10 inches the focus or focal distance of our eyes. This focus cannot be altered except by the aid of spectacles.

But an eagle has the power of altering the focus of its eye just as it pleases. It has only to look at an object at the distance of two feet or of two miles in order to see it with perfect distinctness.

Of course the eagle knows nothing of the wonderful contrivance that the Creator has supplied for its accommodation. It employs it instinctively and because it cannot help it. The ball of the eye is surrounded by 15 little plates called sclerotic bones. They form a complete ring, and their edges slightly overlap each other. When it looks at a distant object, this little circle of bones expands, and the ball of the eye, being relieved from the pressure, becomes flatter. When it looks at a very near object, the little bones press together, and the ball of the eye is thus squeezed into a rounder or more convex form.

The effect is very familiar to every one. A person with very round eyes is near sighted, and a person with flat eyes, as in old age, can see nothing except at a distance. The eagle, by the mere will, can make its eyes round or flat and see with equal clearness at any distance.—Philadelphia Times.

The Women of Hellas.

Alas for the Greek ideals! Here is what the women of Hellas look like now, as told by a correspondent: "The women wear short, shapeless tight skirts reaching a little above the ankles, made of the same material as their rugs, and a short white tunic made of coarse serge. Their hair is worn in a long braid, and to make it reach past the waist they plait in horsehair or black tow and decorate it with cheap coins, beads or coarse, bright cottons. Greek children are pretty, and so are the very young girls, but when they step from childhood to womanhood they soon lose all their good looks. The women toil not; neither do they spin. They are as lazy as the men and seem to have no higher idea of life than lying in the sun and drinking coffee or cold water. The food is a cross between German and Greek. The bread is black and underbaked, and the butter is churned from sheep's milk and never gets solid. The cow is not a milk purveyor in Athens, but a humble beast of toil. Our breakfasts were served in our rooms and were severely simple. They consisted of green tea, with sheep's milk, black bread and the pure honey of Hymettus. The honey of Hymettus is not so delightful as it sounds, because the bees browse among the strong scented asphodels, with which the mountain is covered, and the result is not appetizing.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Personal Considerations.

Mrs. Home, the wife of the author who wrote "The Tragedy of Douglas," was very infirm and very peculiar and spent her time on a sofa in the unusual occupation of chewing nutmegs.

A gentleman who was a great admirer of her husband's work called one day to see him, and not finding him thought it would be only less delightful to talk with the wife of so celebrated a man. He was ushered into her presence and began to ingratiate himself by praising her husband. She made no answer. Then he attempted to talk on topics of general interest, and still she was silent. At last she spoke.

"Any prospect of a peace?" she inquired.

"Yes," he replied enthusiastically, certain now that conversation had really begun, "there is every hope that a glorious peace will soon be concluded."

"Oh, aye!" said she. "Will it mak' any difference in the price o' nutmugs?"

The hero worshiper took his leave.—Youth's Companion.

Auction Sales.

Sales by auction, so far from being an invention of late years, were known as far back as the time of the Romans. It is supposed by some that they chiefly used the plan to dispose of the spoils taken in war. As these sales were said to take place under the spear, it is fair to conclude that they stuck a long spear in the ground to mark the place where the sale would be held. It was long the custom in England to mark the time during which bids might be offered by burning an inch of candle, the last offer before the light went out being of course the one that took the article on sale. This custom led many to make no bid until the candle was nearly out, and many often delayed so long that the end of the flame still found them silent.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Harrowing Circumstance.

Mrs. Threadly—I can't see why newspapers always give all the harrowing details of an accident.

Mr. Threadly—What have you found now?

Mrs. Threadly—Where a man was taken home fatally injured, with a sample of silk in his pocket still unmatched.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

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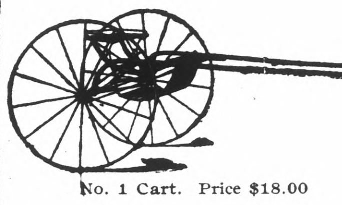
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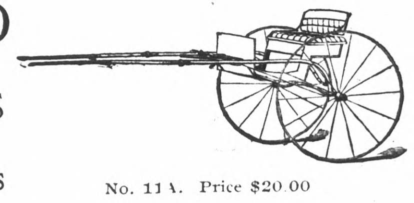
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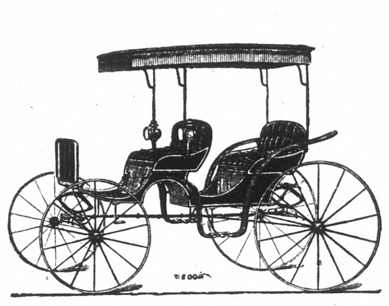
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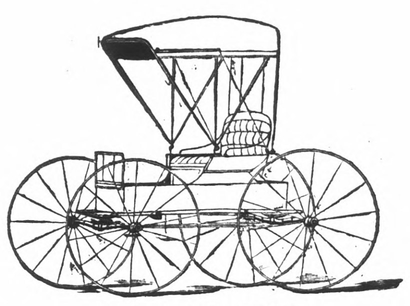
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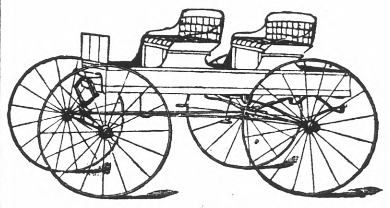
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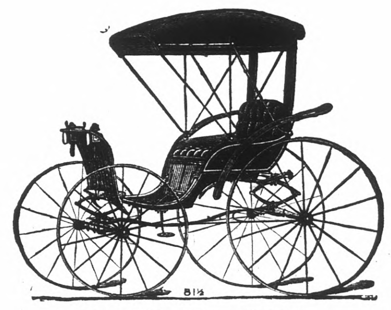
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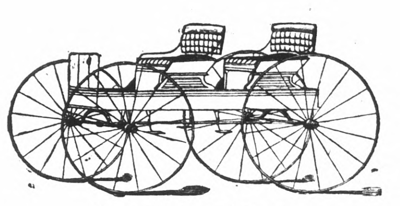
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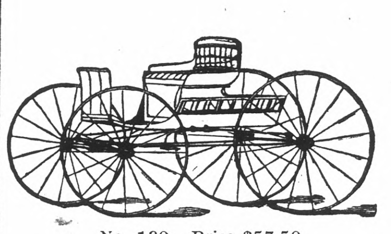
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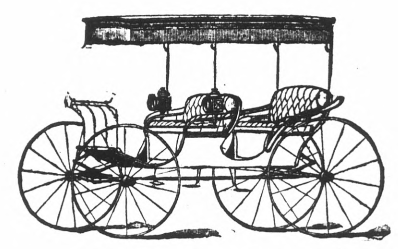
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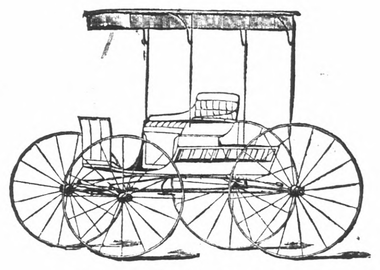
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SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11 A.M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P.M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:10 A.M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P.M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 and 6:30 P.M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A.M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00 6:25 P.M.

Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park—Same schedule as above.

Special Saturday to Monday Train Service.

SATURDAYS—Leave San Francisco at 5:10 P.M.; arrive at Cloverdale at 8:45 P.M.
SUNDAYS—Leave San Francisco at 5:00 P.M.; arrive at Cloverdale at 8:38 P.M.
SUNDAYS—Leave Cloverdale at 6:45 A.M.; arrive at San Francisco at 10:40 A.M.
MONDAYS—Leave Cloverdale at 5 A.M.; arrive at San Francisco at 8:50 A.M.

Leave San Francisco.		In Effect April 15, '94.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days.	Sun-Days.	DESTINATION.	Sun-Days.	Week Days.
7.40 am 3.30 pm 5.10 pm	8.00 am 9.30 am 5.00 pm	Novato Petaluma Santa Rosa	10.40 am 6.05 pm 7.30 pm	8.50 am 10.30 am 6.15 pm
7.40 am 3.30 pm	8.00 am	Fulton Windsor Healdsburg Geyserville Cloverdale Pieta Hopland Ukiah	7.30 pm	10.30 am 6.15 pm
7.40 am 3.30 pm	8.00 am	Guerneville	7.30 pm	10.30 am 6.15 m
7.40 am 5.10 pm	8.00 am 5.00 pm	Sonoma Glen Ellen	10.40 am 6.05 pm	8.50 am 6.15 pm
7.40 am 3.30 pm	8.00 am 5.00 pm	Sebastopol	10.40 am 6.05 pm	10.30 am 6.15 pm

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs.
Stages connect at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala and Point Arena.
Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers
Stages connect at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport and Bartlett Springs.
Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Booneville, Greenwood, Orr's Hot Springs, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Usal, Westport, Cahto, Willetts, Calpella, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lierley's, Gravelly Valley, Harris, Blocksburg, Bridgeville, Hydesville and Eureka.
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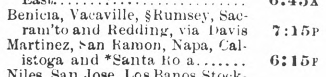

LEAVE—	From May 5, 1894.	—ARRIVE
7:00A	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	6:45A
7:00A	Benicia, Vacaville, §Rumsey, Sacram'to and Redding, via Davis	7:15P
7:30A	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa	6:15P
8:30A	Niles, San Jose, Los Banos, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and *Oroville	4:15P
9:00A	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	5:45P
9:00A	Martinez and Stockton	10:45A
*9:00A	Peters and Milton	*7:15P
12:30P	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8:45A
*1:00P	Sacramento River Steamers	*9:00P
4:00P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9:15A
4:00P	Benicia, Vacaville, Esparto, §§Rumsey, Woodland, Knight's Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10:45A
4:30P	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Fresno	7:15P
4:30P	Raymond (for Yosemite)	10:45A
5:00P	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10:45A
5:00P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	10:45A
6:00P	European Mail, Ogden and East	9:45A
6:00P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45A
‡7:00P	Vallejo	†7:45P
7:00P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10:45A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge.)

‡7:45A	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton and Santa Cruz	‡8:05P
8:15A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	6:20P
*2:45P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	*11:50A
4:45P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9:50A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.).

*6:45A	San Jose, New Almaden and Way Stations	*1:45P
‡7:30A	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	‡8:33
8:15A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations	6:26P
‡9:38P	Palo Alto and Way Stations	‡1:45P
10:10A	San Jose and Way Stations	5:06P
12:01P	Palo Alto and Way Stations	3:30P
*2:20P	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove	*10:40A
*3:30P	San Jose and Principal Way Stat's	9:47A
*4:25P	Palo Alto and Way Stations	*8:06A
5:10P	San Jose and Way Stations	*8:48A
6:30P	Palo Alto and Way Stations	6:35A
†11:45P	Palo Alto & Principal Way Stat's	†7:26P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From San Francisco—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—
*7:00 *8:00 9:00 *10:00 11:00 A.M.
*12:30 ‡1:00 *2:00 3:00 *4:00 5:00 *6:00 P.M.
From Oakland—Foot of Broadway—
*6:00 *7:00 8:00 *9:00 10:00 *11:00 A.M.
‡12:00 M *12:30 2:00 *3:00 4:00 *5:00 P.M.

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